THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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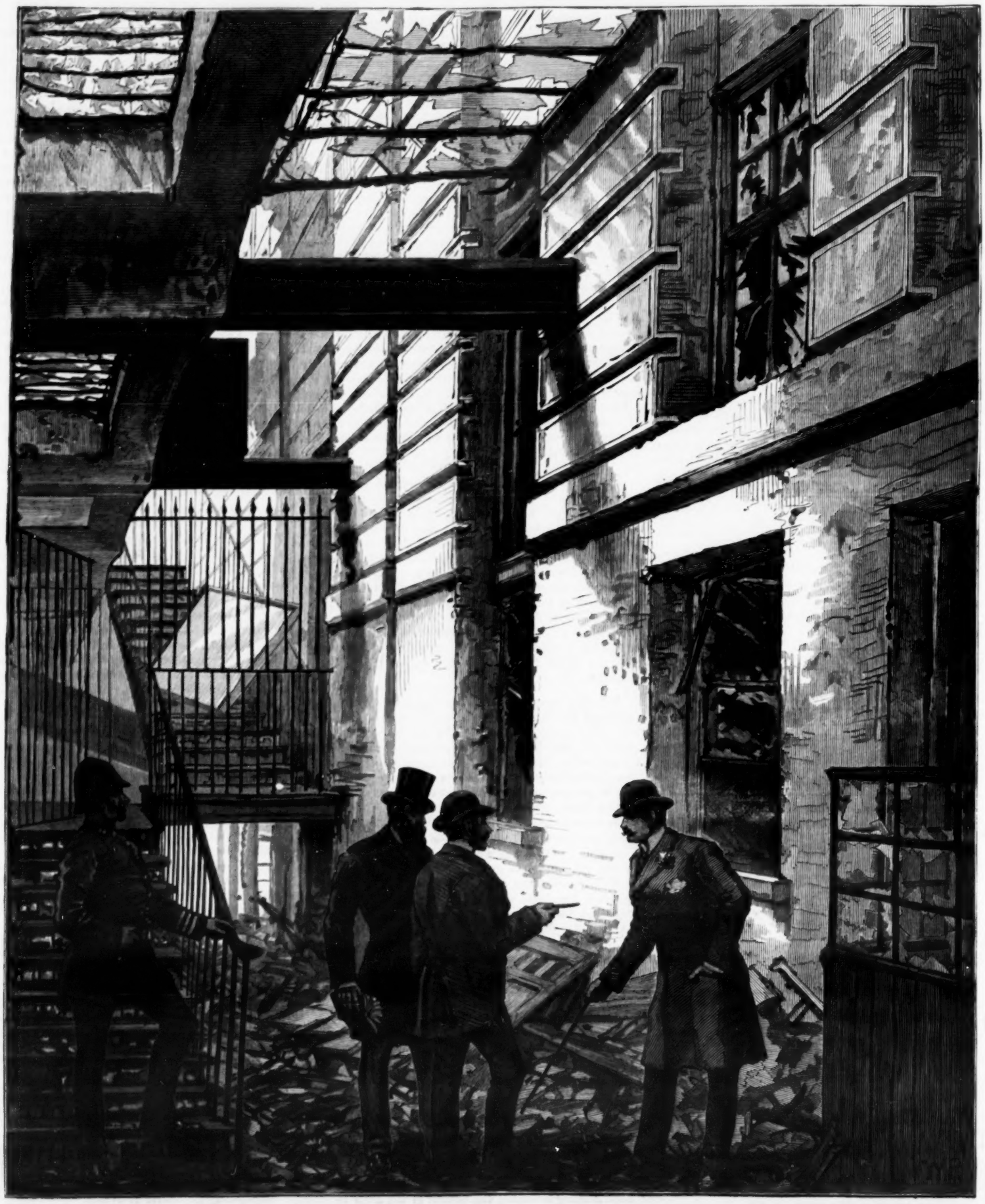
No. 2355.—VOL. LXXXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884. WITH SUPPLEMENT AND COLOURED PORTRAIT SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES IN WESTMINSTER: BACK AREA OF THE JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 14.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8.

Trinity Sunday.
Full moon, 7.49 p.m.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah vi. 1—11; Rev. i. 1—9. Evening Lessons: Gen. xviii. or i. and ii. 1—4; Eph. iv. 1—17 or Matt. iii.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m. (ordination), Prebendary Butler; 3.15 p.m., Prebendary Whittington; 7 p.m., Rev. A. L. Moore.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. W. Page Roberts; 3 p.m., Archdeacon Farrar; 7 p.m., Canon Curteis.
St. James's, noon, Rev. R. Carr Glyn.
Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. W. Merry; 3 p.m., Rev. W. Curteis, Boyle Lecture IV.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., the Bishop of Colchester; 7 p.m., Rev. W. W. Merry.

MONDAY, JUNE 9.

British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., presentation of medals, &c.
Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
Society of Engineers, 7.30 p.m., Mr. J. C. Fell on Soft v. Hard Water for manufacturing purposes.
Meeting of the House of Lords.
Cinque Ports Regatta.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10.

Trinity Law Sittings begin.
Horticultural Society, 11 a.m.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.
Colonial Institute, 8 p.m., Sir F. Weld on the Straits Settlement and British Malaya.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

St. Barnabas, Apostle and Martyr.
Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.
Geological Society, 8 p.m.
Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Printers' Pension Corporation, anniversary festival, Willis's Rooms.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Discussion on Naval Prize Essays on Action in case of Outbreak of War.
Mansion House, the Judges' Banquet.
Beverley Races.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

Corpus Christi.
Royal Society, election of Fellows, 4 p.m.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Mathematical Society, 8 p.m.
Zoological Society's Gardens, Davis Lecture, 5 p.m., Professor Mivart on Hands and Feet.
Ascot Races: Cup Day.
Essex Agricultural Society Show, Saffron Walden (two days).

FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, accession, 1877.
Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m.
Astronomical Society, 8 p.m.
New Shakspere Society, 8 p.m.
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Admiral A. P. Ryder on Fog Collisions.
Royal Institution, extra evening, 8 p.m., Professor Dewar on Liquefied Gases. Close of the season.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.
Physical Society, 3 p.m.
Geologists' Association, excursion to Caterham, &c.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28′ 6″ N.; Long. 0° 18′ 47″ W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

	DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		
		Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
		Inches	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.
May	25	30·091	53·3	42·1	·68	9	58·1	49·2	E.	372	0·000
	26	30·233	55·9	40·0	·58	2	64·4	45·9	NE. E.	334	·000
	27	30·210	54·4	40·5	·62	0	65·6	42·3	NE. E.	256	·000
	28	30·204	48·9	40·0	·74	10	53·3	42·1	NE.	280	·000
	29	30·132	48·6	38·8	·71	8	53·2	46·2	NE.	268	·000
	30	29·986	54·0	40·5	·63	3	64·2	43·6	NE.	303	·000
	31	30·046	50·1	39·6	·70	7	56·1	42·1	NE. N.	261	0·000

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected ..	30·072	30·195	30·250	30·236	30·173	30·014	30·098
Temperature of Air	53·9°	52·6°	56·1°	49·7°	49·2°	58·5°	54·8°
Temperature of Evaporation ..	50·3°	52·0°	50·7°	44·7°	43·9°	49·8°	47·9°
Direction of Wind	E.	NE.	NE.	NE.	NE.	NNE.	NNE.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
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Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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London, May, 1884. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

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[illegible] PERFORMANCE. To-night, and on the following nights, at Eight o'Clock, will be presented by the Lyceum Company, Shakspeare's Comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily.—Lyceum.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

Whitsuntide is certainly the most charming holiday season of the year; but many people may object, in the spirit of the French General reviewing a fine body of British cavalry before him—there is not enough of it. Though the melting of spring into summer—not always, as this year, the transition from May to June—has taken place at a time of exceptional dryness, most holiday-makers no doubt preferred the abounding dust of the Bank Holiday to dripping skies, which, if refreshing to the parched soil, would have kept them at home. Carefully-prepared statistics indicate the immensity of the crowds that left the metropolis by rail, river, and van on Monday, and also the crowds that remained to people the Crystal Palace, Zoological Society's Gardens, and the Health Exhibition—that pleasantest of West-End lounges—and to overflow other places of popular resort. The growing facilities for country excursions are gradually weaning the working classes from debasing indulgences on our national holidays, and the charms of Nature successfully compete with the allurements of the public-house. Hence there is every reason to be thankful for a fine Whitsun week and its healthy outdoor recreations.

Not everyone on the Bank Holiday cared for such relaxations. We read of Somersetshire agricultural labourers coming together in hundreds to insist upon their right to be represented in Parliament, and of a conference of artisans to take note of the advance of the co-operative movement. Both incidents are highly suggestive of social progress. Not less significant is the acquiescence—to put the matter negatively—of the enfranchised classes and the leaders of parties in the demand that an additional two millions shall be admitted to share their electoral privileges. Hardly any one doubts the wisdom and safety of this large concession. We have all schooled ourselves into the belief that it will not endanger the British Constitution.

Whether co-operation is the panacea for social inequalities and inadequate wages has yet to be seen. But such addresses as that delivered by Mr. Sedley Taylor, the chairman of the Derby Congress, throw light upon, if they do not solve, the problem. Co-operation as applied to distribution has made marvellous progress. In England and Wales more than a thousand societies are organised on this basis. "Profit-sharing" is the next step; and when we remember what Trades Unions have done for the working classes, and the enormous prejudices they have overcome, there is good reason to believe that in due time means will be found for more equally distributing the profits of production between capital and labour. The principle has been successfully applied on a somewhat large scale in France. Here, as regards cotton-mills, collieries, and other industries, it has broken down. Still, there are very many cases in which the admission of workmen to a limited share of the profits of a business has worked well. The co-operative movement is yet in its infancy, and experience will correct its faults, suggest needful modifications, and show how self-interest and responsibility may be safely combined.

What may be the precise object of the Fenians in renewing their dynamite atrocities it were vain to conjecture, unless we are to assume that they wish to ensure the substitution of a coercive for a conciliatory policy in Ireland. The destruction caused by the explosions at the Junior Carlton Club and Sir Watkin Wynn's house, in St. James's-square, the design against the Nelson Column, and the attempt to blow up the police station in Great Scotland-yard have maimed a number of harmless people and frightened many others, but have done nothing to hasten the advent of the Irish Republic, and will not provoke reprisals against the Irish people as a whole. That these diabolical plots against English Society are hatched in the United States is as evident as the apathy of the American people at the terrible outrages they have caused. It seems incredible that no law can be put in force on the other side of the Atlantic to suppress a conspiracy that makes war on humanity, and that the authorities of New York are unable to prevent public appeals for a so-called "Emergency Fund," the avowed object of which is indiscriminately to kill innocent men, women, and children. How many such victims will be required—and there might have been scores on Friday night last if the explosions had taken full effect—before the Fords, Rossas, and their confederates are hunted down? Why, also, do the Irish Nationalist leaders fail to denounce these abominable crimes. Granted that the Fenians aim to frustrate pacific agitation, would not Mr. Parnell and his allies strengthen their moral position by following the example of Daniel O'Connell and indignantly repudiating acts of violence in furtherance of their policy? Or must we continue to believe that such action would dry up the funds that are required to sustain their Home Rule movement and support Mr. Parnell's henchmen in Parliament?

On Thursday the mortal remains of Sir Bartle Frere were, in the presence of distinguished friends, interred with becoming solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral, close to the place where Lord Nelson lies buried. The secret of this distinction is to be found in the great career of the deceased Baronet as an Indian statesman and administrator. For forty years, and during the most critical emergencies, Sir Bartle helped to consolidate our Eastern Empire, and his name stands, side by side with the names of Outram, Napier, and Lawrence, in the list of benefactors of India. While Chief Commissioner of Scinde, which was by his energy transformed into a flourishing province, the terrible Mutiny broke out. Without hesitation, Sir Bartle Frere, acting on the principle that, "when the head and heart are threatened, the extremities must take care of themselves," denuded this recently-conquered dependency of the best European troops, and was thus able to save the strong fortress of Moultan in the Punjaub from the rebels. Subsequently, as Governor of Bombay, he devoted himself heart and soul to the improvement of that Presidency, and founded more public buildings and started more works of public utility than any of his predecessors. A Christian statesman of the highest type, he supported all schemes for the moral elevation of the natives, and was throughout a firm friend of missionary agencies. When, in 1877, Sir Bartle was appointed Governor-General of the Cape Colony, he made the fatal mistake of trying to apply his Indian experience to South Africa. The war in Zululand was the immediate result, followed by the disastrous conflict with the Boers, which terminated his public career.

It is remarkable that Sir Bartle Frere's death should have coincided with the elevation of the son of Cetewayo—the potentate he dethroned—to supreme authority in Zululand. Most of the native chiefs having agreed to recognise Dinizulu, he has been duly installed as their King. This change, which promises to put an end to the inter-tribal conflicts which have desolated the country, appears to have been brought about by the agency of the Boers, whose services are to be rewarded by a considerable slice of Zulu territory, and who disclaim any desire to interfere with the policy of the Imperial Government. If this arrangement should be ratified by the Colonial Office, we may hope to see South Africa once more at peace, and a great difficulty in the way of the British Cabinet satisfactorily surmounted.

The alleged desertion of General Gordon, having served a factious purpose, is now proved to have been a calumny. Our Ministers, relying upon his own declarations, stated that he was in no danger, and there is every reason to believe that he is safe. A recent report from Dongola reports that the gallant officer is holding his own, and "makes successful sorties" against the besieging Arabs. Before long, unless Zebehr Pasha should play false, we shall have news direct from the General himself by the messengers sent from Cairo. Owing to dissensions among the insurgents the siege of Berber has been raised, and the recent besiegers, it appears, have been won over, and are now engaged in repairing the telegraph to Cairo, while the energetic Governor of Dongola reports that he has dispersed the hostile tribes in his neighbourhood. All this time the Nile is rising, and will become a potent ally of the defenders of Khartoum and Berber. Apparently, no expedition to rescue General Gordon will now be necessary.

Nothing is authoritatively known as to the course of the negotiations between M. Waddington and Lord Granville, which have reference to a Multiple Control over Egyptian finance, and the evacuation of that country at a fixed date. It may, however, be inferred that the demands of the French Cabinet are not acceptable, and that the negotiators have as yet found no common basis for a settlement. Possibly, Ministers may soon be able to make a definite statement on the subject in Parliament. It is more likely, we think, that the proposed European Conference will be abandoned than that our Government, with a view to conciliate France, should be found ready to surrender that dominant position in the Valley of the Nile which, without being sought for, has been thrust upon England by the course of events.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The political world has been violently exercised by the appearance in the *Fortnightly Review* for June of an article entitled "England's Foreign Policy. By G." The juvenile and inexperienced Editor of the *Times* at once jumped at the conclusion that the initial "G" meant Gladstone. The veteran Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, following the lead of the *Times*, proceeded, as is his wont, to foam at the mouth, and to call Mr. Gladstone bad names. The gist of the article was telegraphed all over the civilised world. The German Embassy in London was much moved; the French Embassy "felt bad"; and Prince Bismarck is understood (by telegraph) to have ejaculated "Donner und Blitzen!" Presently Mr. Gladstone's secretary wrote to the papers to say that the Prime Minister was not the author of the article in the *Fortnightly*, and knew nothing whatever about it.

It so happens that I am in a position to state who the writer of the paper in question really is. I have it "on unimpeachable authority" (as the foreign correspondents of the London dailies are apt to say when they have learned from the washerwoman of the third attaché of the Baratarian legation at Vienna that the Hospodar of Eujaxria has contracted a morganatic alliance with the Princess Cariboo), that "England's Foreign Policy" was written by that well-known publicist, Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield. All who enjoy the advantage of Mr. Brooks's acquaintance are aware of the sharpness which is one of that gentleman's leading characteristics. Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield, married, if I am not mistaken, a niece of Major Bagstock, H.E.I.C.S.—the celebrated "Joey B.," who, it is upon record, was "sly, Sir—devilish sly."

All is fair, it used to be said, in love, war, and electioneering; and the season of the fag-end of an unpopular Parliament has about it a good deal of the atmosphere of an election. So I suppose that the hoax perpetrated by Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield, may be considered (according to the standard of electioneering morality) fair enough. Under ordinary circumstances, it might be looked upon as a disreputable "dodge;" if, to cite Mr. Thackeray, "we may be permitted to quote an excellent phrase which has become vernacular since the appearance of the last dictionaries."

I have, myself, something to say about the vernacular, and I must entreat the forbearance of my readers while in a few paragraphs I endeavour to "give fits" to an imperfectly informed person who, writing over the signature of "G. W. S." in the *New York Daily Tribune*, has devoted a whole column of that journal to the task of trying to disprove that which I stated some weeks ago in this page with reference to the words "mail-route," "frock," "gown," and "dress." I said that the English language knows no such term as "mail-route." I say so again, unhesitatingly; although "G. W. S." has found, in the latest edition of the "Imperial Dictionary," "mail-route" defined as a route by which the mails are carried.

"Mail-route" is not in Latham's edition of Todd's Johnson. It is not in Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language." It is not in the "Library Dictionary" (Collins, Glasgow, 1871); it is not in Worcester's Edition of Webster (Routledge, 1871); it is not in Professor Boulland's French and English Dictionary (Cassell, 1881), although the professor has the French equivalents for "mail-bag," "mail-coach," "mail-guard," and "mail-packet." It is not in Dr. Myriantheus' "Comprehensive Phraseological English, Ancient, and Modern Greek Lexicon" (Trübner, 1857), although the exhaustive compiler gives the Romaic equivalents for "mail-bag," "mail-coach," "mail-master," and "mail-train." But "mail-route," unbranded as an Americanism, does make its appearance in the 1880 edition of Webster, edited by Goodrich, Porter, and Mahn; and two years afterwards "mail-route" found its way into Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary, edited by Annandale. But please to note this. *The edition of the Imperial Dictionary for 1850 says nothing whatever about "mail-route."*

It is the curse of modern dictionaries that their compilers are compelled to inflate them in order to keep pace with rival lexicographers, who cease not to swell and still further swell their own compilations. Every new dictionary must be bigger than its predecessors, else it will command no attention. A very small amount of reflection would suffice to convince an intelligent person that "mail-route" is not a legitimate English word. It is, to begin with, wholly superfluous. Her Majesty's inland mails were formerly conveyed by road. They are now conveyed by rail. The mails are carried on every line of railway; and there is no more necessity to call a railway a "mail-route" than to call it a "passenger-route," or a "merchandise-route." Mail-route is obviously American, and most probably Far Western American, referring to a period when remote districts were not yet traversed by railways, but in which the postal service was effected by means of mail-stages or pony-expresses. Tracks thus traversed would be appropriately called "mail-routes."

What "G. W. S." has to say about the English use of the words "gown" and "frock" is mainly leather and prunella; but I have not space this week to demolish him in detail. I will postpone the grateful task until next week. But I must really devote a few lines to what the ingenuous creature says about the word "dress." "I may add," he writes, "that twenty years ago, if my memory serves me, dress in the sense of gown would have been likely to stamp the person using it as American. Its subsequent currency may possibly be traced to the invasion of English society by American ladies."

"Dress," an Americanism! "Blame my cats!" Come forth from your upper shelves my "sets" of fashion-books to confute this sciolistic person from New England. Here is "The Lady's Monthly Museum or Cabinet of Fashion," with elegant coloured engravings, for August, 1799. "First figure—Muslin round *dress*, trimmed round the neck with lace. Second figure—The same *dress*, of yellow muslin spotted with silver." Here is the "Belle Assemblée" for September, 1807. "No. I.—Evening Dress: A round train *dress* of India muslin." Here is "Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Literature, and Fashion" for 1820. "White *dresses* are fashionable, but we see an equal or rather a greater number of silk ones. . . . Pelisses are still fashionable, but not, upon the whole, so general as spencers." Here is "The Record of the Beau Monde" for December, 1823. "Carriage *Dress*: A Witzchoura pelisse of *gros de Naples* of a bright scarlet geranium colour. Evening Costume: A *dress* of white gossamer muslin." Are these examples enough for you, my Transatlantic friend? If you want any more, come and see me. This is Fashion House; and we garner up every scrap of the history of costume that we can come across. And we know what we are talking about. Dress in the sense of gown an Americanism! Marry come up!

Truly one comes across some odd items in the history of the minutiæ of civilisation in turning to these old fashion-books. Here is a scrap from the "Belle Assemblée" for 1811 which may interest the fair advocates of the "divided skirt":—

Walking *Dress*. Pantaloons of corded cambric trimmed round the bottom with lace or fine muslin; a smooth frock *dress* of the same material is much admired. The novelty of this *dress* (though some made their (*sic*) appearance in the Gardens last Sunday) was not so conspicuous, as trains of thin muslin were worn over all to disguise in some measure the singularity of its effect.

On reflection I think that I would rather behold the adored one of my heart in "a Witzchoura pelisse of *gros de Naples* of a bright scarlet geranium colour" than in a round frock dress and corded cambric pantaloons.

A writer in the *World* accuses me, quite inaccurately, of "taking up the cudgels" for the Royal Academy. I did not do anything of the kind. I am, as a rule, averse from cudgel-play; but whenever I have "taken up the cudgels" with regard to the Royal Academy it has been with the intent of knocking the Academic body over the sconce with the cudgel. But I like fair play; and in the interest of fair play I asked how many really distinguished English painters there were who had not been members or Associates of the Academy. The list which I gave was necessarily imperfect, as I was writing at a distance from books and exhibition catalogues. To that list the writer in the *World* adds David Cox, William Blake, Sir Henry Raeburn, William Muller, Patrick Nasmyth, the Cromes, George Cruikshank, and John Leech. I scarcely think that French critics would venture to claim Academic rank for Daumier, for Grandville, for Cham, or even for Gavarni. But I hope to receive many more additions to the list of distinguished non-academicians.

Persons of inquiring minds in this direction will derive material assistance in their researches by consulting "The Dictionary of Artists who have Exhibited Works in the principal London Exhibitions from 1760 to 1880," compiled by Mr. Algernon Graves. This most exhaustive useful work has just been published by Messrs. Bell and Son. I immediately put it to a practical test by turning up a notice (from a volume of the *Examiner*) of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1808—a somewhat notable exhibition, since I find that it contains Wilkie's "Card Players" and Turner's "Unpaid Bill." But here, in the *Examiner* notice, is a lesser luminary, A. W. Devis, with a picture illustrative of the novel of "Tom Jones," and another with Almoran and Hamet as a theme. A. W. Devis duly occurs in Mr. Algernon Graves's Dictionary as the exhibitor of ninety-one paintings at various London galleries, sixty-five in the Academy. A. W. D. exhibited 1779-1821. Again at random, I take from the *Examiner* "Geographical Pastimes," by J. Ashby. I turn to Mr. Algernon Graves, and find that J. Ashby began to exhibit in 1794, and ceased to exhibit in 1855; that his specialty was portraiture, and that he exhibited sixty-nine works in the Royal Academy.

Mem.—I note in the "Dictionary of Artists" the name of "H. C. Schillers" as an exhibitor of two portraits at the Royal Academy in 1844. Should not this be Schiller? I ask, because in 1843-4 I was a pupil of Mr. H. Carl Schiller, a very talented miniature painter in Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. Perhaps the catalogue consulted by Mr. Graves for this particular name was one "under revision." As it is, the "Dictionary of Artists" seems to be a monument of patience and intelligence.

A gallant correspondent in garrison in North Britain (oh! breathe not his name!) favours me with choice excerpts from the "Field Exercise":—

On p. 93, for extended order signals, we are told—(5) "The rifle or sword being held up perpendicularly with the head-dress on it will indicate that no enemy is in sight. (6) The rifle or sword held up horizontally will signify that an enemy *is* in sight." Now turn to instructions for outposts, p. 304—"Signals, such as raising the rifle with a cap on it, to show that the enemy is advancing, should be established," &c. On p. 333—"If the flag of truce is merely the bearer of a letter or parcel, the picquet officer must receive it, and instantly forward it to head-quarters. The flag of truce, having taken a receipt, will be required forthwith to depart."

Of course, it is the bearer of the flag and not the flag itself that takes a receipt and is required to depart; still, we do not call the bearer of a hostile cartel "a challenge," nor an aeronaut "a balloon." On the other hand, the president of a public meeting is sometimes addressed as "Mr. Chair." "If I did not know, if I did not esteem, if I did not reverence that Chair," exclaimed the American orator, "I would pull the nose of that Chair and kick it half-way down Pennsylvania-avenue."

Another suggested addition (from Edinburgh) to the list of first-rate artists who were not Academicians. "The late Mr. Shayer, of Shirley," writes "I. B. J.," "the well-known landscape-painter, died five or six years ago, having, it may be interesting to note, attained not only a good old age, but the rare distinction of being a great-great-grand-parent. He, I believe, pointedly refused to add the coveted R.A. to his name. And of him I have been told, on the best authority, that, at the height of his fame, he could, and often did, paint 'a picture at a single after-dinner sitting which would readily sell for £5 5s., and even more.'" Scotland for ever!

"Bullet in mouth"? Many thanks to "A. H." (Hagley-road, Birmingham), who, with other correspondents, tells me that in the seventeenth century, when matchlocks were in use, the soldier carried in one hand the gun; in the other the match, lighted at both ends; and in the mouth the bullet. But another correspondent, "R. H. W." (Snaresbrook), referring incidentally to the expression of "bullet in mouth," favours me with an extract from the "Philosophical Transactions" touching the contingency of swallowing the "bullet in mouth."

Swallowing musket bullets is sometimes practised to remove iliac or colic pains. Mr. Young gives a case where this had a terrible effect. The bullet happened to miss its way down, and lodged in the œsophagus instead of the trachea. M. Chirac has a dissertation on the question—which of the two is safer, in iliac cases, to swallow leaden bullets or crude mercury. He gives the preference to bullets.

But here is quite another explanation of the term "bullet in mouth." "Brattleby" writes:—"Bullet in mouth, with reference to a garrison marching out with all the honours of war, alludes to the cannon shot fitted in the mouths of field-pieces on such occasions, and is equivalent in the artillery arm of the service to 'fixed bayonets' in the infantry. Both terms would seem to imply full war equipment and readiness for service."

"B. H." wishes to know something about a syrup of fir cones which I mentioned recently as having been administered to me by a doctor at Marseilles as a palliative for asthma. There are, I should say, several *pharmaciens Français* in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Soho who would be able to supply my correspondent with a *sirop de pommes de pin*. That, I think, was the name of the medicament which gave me relief at Marseilles.

"The great Ulysses is not dead": and according to the showing of a gallant correspondent, "Fire-Master" (I have so many gallant correspondents), at Karáchi (is this the "Kurrachee" of cockney parlance?), Private Thomas Atkins is not a mere myth invented for the nonce by the bureaucratic compiler of a model military ledger.

About 1864, an officer of the 46th Regiment visiting, in the company of the Rector of the parish, a workhouse near Malvern, got into conversation with an old pauper, who had been a soldier, named Atkins, who related the story of his services in the Army. They corresponded in every particular with the sketch model of Private Tommy Atkins's career in the model pocket ledger. A letter to the *Times* informing old soldiers that the original Thomas Atkins had been found and was in distress brought in about fifty pounds, to comfort the veteran's declining years.

It may be that in this there was only a coincidence; but the story is a very touching one, for all that. One does not like to hear of the coming to pauperism of "The Queen's old Soldiers, and the old Soldiers of the Queen"—to quote the burden of Tom D'Urfey's stirring ditty.

Of course, I mean to go to the dinner in aid of the funds of the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, the 21st inst. I am going, first, because Lord Rosebery is to be in the chair, and that circumstance is in itself a guarantee that the after-dinner speaking will be very good indeed; and next because the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association is a most excellent charity, which, with the very modest means at its command, contrives to do a great amount of good by granting annuities to deserving cabmen grown old and past service. I suppose that in my small family we hail about nine hundred hansoms and three hundred four-wheelers per annum; and, although I am constrained occasionally to ride in disgracefully dilapidated and execrably horsed vehicles, it is with the extremest rarity that I have met with a drunken or insolent driver. Our metropolitan cab system—abating a proportion of first-rate hansoms—is miserably deficient; but that is no fault of the men, who are, as a rule, civil and hard-working fellows.

To the just-named first-rate hansoms must be added a vehicle of which I made a narrow inspection at the Horse Show on Wednesday, the fifth. This is the new cab patented by Captain Ashburnham Floyd. It is constructed on the principle of the modern hansom cab, but with many improvements on the best hansom pattern. The most important of these is a sliding roof or hood worked from the true roof of the cab as a screen, in lieu of the detestable and dangerous jointed glass window. This hood effectually protects the passenger from rain, wind, sunshine, and dust without the discomfort and the suffocating atmosphere consequent on the use of the existing "guillotine" window. It is easily managed, and admits air and light without peril to the integrity of your hat, your knuckles, or your nose. Outside the apron (which is convex instead of being flat, and thus enables you to cross your legs comfortably if you like to do so) is a brass stand for your umbrella; and by the mere action of placing your umbrella in this stand the leaves of the apron are at once locked, and you enjoy immunity from the chance, should the horse fall, of the leaves of the apron flying open and of your being shot out of the cab on to the stones, or into the mud.

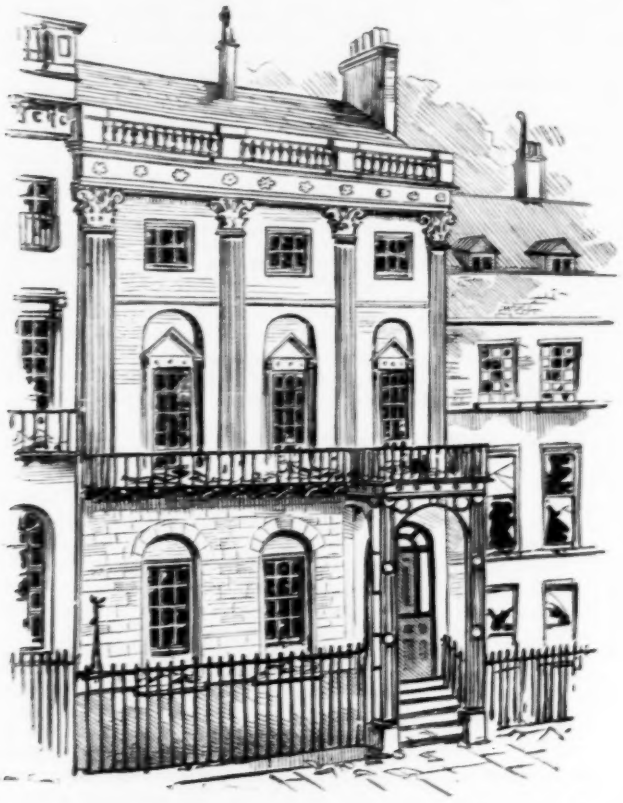
Then, in the cab itself there is a rack for parcels and a pneumatic bell for communication with the driver. The sliding hood may be applied, at a small outlay, to any ordinary hansom, Bath chair, invalid carriage, or similar vehicle. In hot countries, I should say, Captain Ashburnham Floyd's invention will obtain great popularity, and will bring about a thorough revolution in the arrangement of Indian buggies, Valencian *tartanes*, Cuban *volantes*, and American waggons. In climes of exceptional sultriness, a punkah will be among the delights of the New Cab.

G. A. S.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES IN WESTMINSTER.

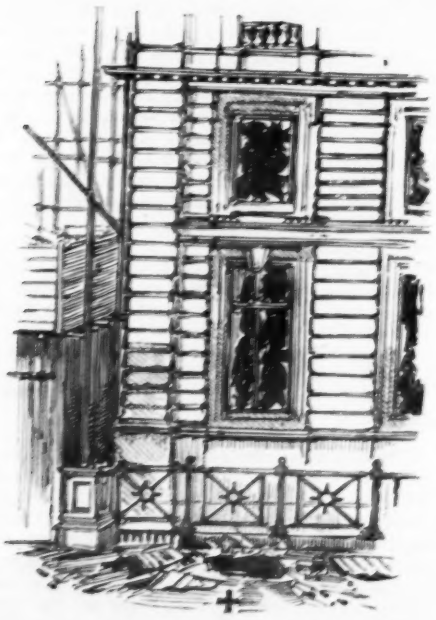
BAR OF RISING SUN, SCOTLAND-YARD.

PUBLIC CARRIAGE OFFICE OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.



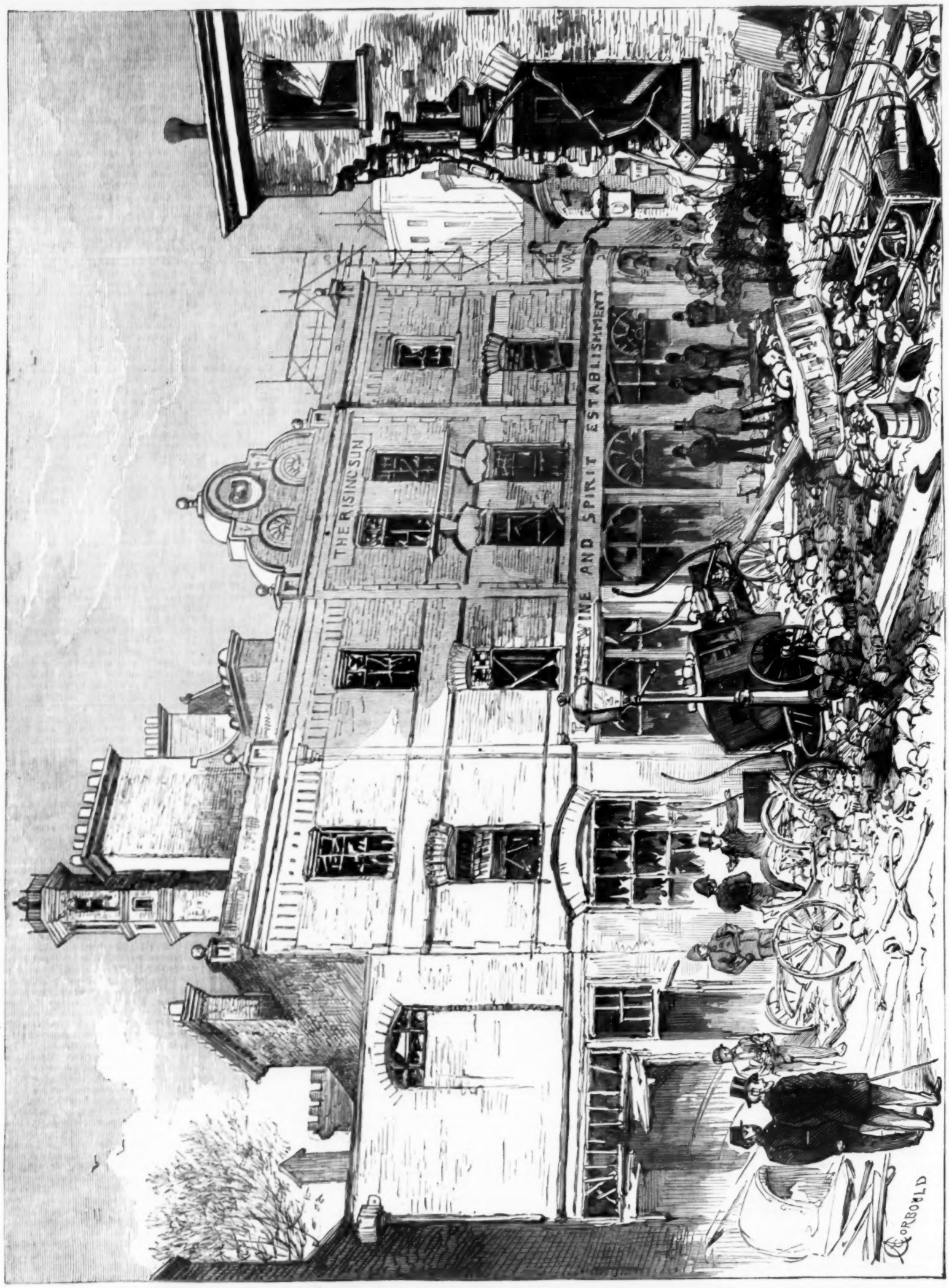
SIR WATKIN W. WYNN'S HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

GRILL-ROOM, RISING SUN.



BACK OF JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB.
× Spot where the explosion took place.

FRONT OF BAR PARLOUR, RISING SUN.



THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES IN WESTMINSTER: GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAMAGE IN SCOTLAND-YARD.

DYNAMITE OUTRAGES IN WESTMINSTER.

The odious gang of criminals lurking in New York and in several cities of the United Kingdom, probably also in Paris, who trade upon the popular excitement kept up by vain and silly acts of mischief, perpetrated a fresh series of outrages in London on the evening of yesterday week (Friday), causing some damage to houses in St. James's-square and in Scotland-yard by the explosion of dynamite at the basement of the buildings. There was no loss of life, but a large number of persons were more or less injured.

It was nearly twenty minutes past nine in the evening when the first explosion took place, in the sunken area at the back of the Junior Carlton Club, on the south side of St. James's-square; and this was immediately followed by a second explosion, in the front area of the house of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, which is in the centre of the west side of the square. The concussion shattered the front windows of Adair House, occupied by the Intelligence Department of the War Office, those of Winchester House, belonging to the Military Education Department, and the mansion of the Duke of Cleveland; it had a similar effect on the Army and Navy Club, at the entrance to St. James's-square from Pall-mall.

A few minutes later, there was a third more destructive explosion in Scotland-yard, Charing-cross, where the head offices of the Metropolitan Police are situated. The dynamite here seems to have been fired in a common retiring-place, shielded with iron screens, at the north-east corner of Scotland-yard, opposite the Rising Sun public-house. The front of the tavern was almost completely demolished, and a large gap was made in the wall of the Metropolitan Police building occupied by the Public Carriage Office and by the Criminal Investigation and Political Investigation Departments. There were fortunately no persons in the rooms assigned to those officials, but a constable on duty in the yard was severely injured by wounds in the head and by concussion of the brain.

At the Junior Carlton Club, it seems that the dynamite was placed on the stone floor of the area, beneath the iron stair, near the kitchen windows. There were twenty-two persons, men and women, at work in the kitchen, with Mr. Lindsey, the chief, but most of them were at the farther side of the room. One of the maid-servants nearest a door opening into the area, ten feet from the seat of the explosion, was blown into the middle of the kitchen, and her dress was torn from her waist, but beyond the shock she sustained no injury. Caroline Hozier, one of the kitchen-maids, who was in the larder opposite the kitchen windows, was very seriously injured by lacerations. Two other women suffered contusions and severe scratches; while some were thrown down by the concussion, and the wife of a club porter was severely shaken. All the windows of the kitchen and the glass of the door were broken up into minute fragments. Particles of glass, mingled with dust, soot, and smoke, struck the occupants of the kitchen, puncturing their hands and faces. Members of the club in the rooms above were plunged in darkness, but escaped injury, the broken glass of the windows of the rooms facing St. James's-square having fallen outwards. The handsome though plain stonework of the building has not been in the least damaged.

At the house of Sir Watkin Wynn, it would appear from the fracture of the stonework that the dynamite was placed on the window-ledge of the drawing-room, the floor of which is on the level of the square. Sir Watkin Wynn and his family and guests had just finished dinner when the first explosion occurred. Scarcely had the servants rushed to the door to ascertain the nature of the mischief when the explosion on the window-ledge took place. One lady in the drawing-room was slightly wounded in the arm by a piece of glass. The footman and valet were severely shaken.

The damage in Scotland-yard was considerably greater. At the north-west corner of the detached building which stands in the centre of the yard, one of those occupied by the Metropolitan Police, the brickwork was torn open, making a gap nearly 20 ft. high and 15 ft. wide, exposing portions of four rooms—one of them devoted to the Political Investigation Department recently created, having in view especially such crimes as the present; another connected with the Criminal Investigation Department, and others belonging to the Hackney Carriage section. Happily, the rooms were all unoccupied; and no special injury was done except to the building itself. The Rising Sun tavern, which is opposite, in the occupation of Mr. Duncan, has a frontage of 50 ft., and was fitted with large squares of plate-glass. Every window was shattered to atoms. In the bar, which occupied the whole of the front portion of the ground floor, pots, glasses, jugs, plates, and bottles were hurled from their shelves on to the floor; the mirrors lining the inner walls were cracked and broken up; the partitions of wood and glass in the outer bar were twisted and curled into fantastic shapes; the gaseliers and brackets were snapped asunder and their ornaments destroyed, and the beer-engine was shifted from its position. Mr. Duncan has been indisposed for some weeks, and at the time of the explosion was in one of the front bed-rooms with his wife. Mrs. Duncan was sitting near the window. They found themselves almost smothered in falling plaster and woodwork. Fortunately, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Duncan sustained any injury beyond a few slight scratches. Down stairs in the bar there were fifteen or twenty persons. Miss Collins, the barmaid, was half stunned by the report and was cut about the neck by the flying glass and splinters. One customer was hurt badly enough to justify his removal to the hospital, and another was severely cut and bruised. A cab and a brougham, which were standing in the yard, were completely wrecked, but the horses were unhurt. The coachmen, as well as the policeman Clark, suffered serious injuries.

A black bag, containing sixteen cakes of dynamite, of American manufacture, was found in Trafalgar-square on the pedestal of the Nelson Monument, close to one of the four bronze lions, opposite St. Martin's Church. It said that a man with a bag, and with an overcoat on his arm, was seen in St. James's-square, and that he stopped, as if to strike a light for smoking, close to the Army and Navy Club. The police are making every possible endeavour to discover and arrest the authors of this detestable outrage. The French and American newspapers express great indignation, and recommend the enactment of more severe laws against conspirators using dynamite, as not less guilty than those whose intent is deliberate murder.

Mr. Hugh R. Shortland, who was arrested a month since in connection with the death of his wife, was on Saturday last taken, for the fourth time, before the magistrate in Devonshire, when Mr. W. Golding, Solicitor to the Treasury, stated that most exhaustive inquiries had been made, and that these tended to remove suspicion from the accused. Mr. Shortland was discharged.

One of the recipients of the ten medals which have recently been awarded by the committee of the Royal Humane Society is a young lady, fifteen years of age, Miss Mary E. Hatton, who plunged into a deep pond with straight, perpendicular sides, at Seaconbe, Cheshire, and, though greatly impeded by her clothes, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in rescuing a little fellow four years old who had fallen in.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta" was given on Thursday week for the first time for two years, and on Saturday Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia" was performed after an interval of four seasons. The Shakspearean opera was originally produced at Paris in 1867, the Italian version having been brought out at our Covent Garden establishment in the same year; when, and subsequently, the two principal characters were admirably rendered, respectively, by Signor Mario and Madame Adelina Patti. In last week's representation Madame Albani sustained, for the first time, the part of Juliet. Her success was complete, both in the earlier scenes of loving tenderness and in the later expression of grief and despair. The occasion offered fresh proof of Madame Albani's versatile powers, and the large advance she has made during recent seasons both as a vocalist and an actress. Signor Marconi as Romeo made a very favourable impression, especially in the love-duet of the garden scene and that of the fourth act. The music of the Page, Stefano, was brightly sung by Mdlle. Reggiani; Signor Cotogni was the same earnest Mercutio as formerly; and the characters of the Nurse and Capulet were efficiently filled, respectively, by Madame Corsi and M. Devoyod, as were minor parts by other members of the company.

On Saturday Madame Maria Durand appeared in the title-character of "Lucrezia Borgia," in which she sang and acted with special success, having still further enhanced her previous high position. Signor De Reszké, as Alfonso, gave great effect to his music, as did Madame Scalchi to that of Maffio Orsini, and Signor Marconi as Gennaro made a further advance, both as singer and actor. On Monday there was no performance. "Il Trovatore" was given on Tuesday, with Mesdames Pauline Lucca and Scalchi, Signor Mierzwinski, and M. Devoyod in the principal characters. Signor Bevignani conducted on each occasion. The announcements for other nights of the week were repetitions of operas as recently given.

The Italian version of Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" is withdrawn: Madame Pauline Lucca, who was to have sustained the title-character, not having sufficient time to learn the music.

The second Floral Hall Concert of the season—last Saturday afternoon—again drew a large attendance. Madame Albani, Madame Sembrich, and other eminent members of the Royal Italian Opera company, contributed to a varied programme.

This week the series of performances by the German company at Covent-Garden Theatre began with Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." We have already drawn attention to the scheme, which is to be carried out—on Wednesday and Friday evenings to July 11, inclusive—in alternation with the Royal Italian Opera season. German solo singers, a German chorus, and Herr Richter as conductor, give a distinct nationality to the undertaking. Besides the opera named above, Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Der Fliegende Hollander," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Tannhauser" are to be given; Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Savonarola" is to be produced, and Weber's "Der Freischütz" and Beethoven's "Fidelio" are included in the programme. Of the opening performance, and of that of "Der Freischütz," announced for yesterday (Friday) evening, we must speak next week.

The Philharmonic Society closed its seventy-second season last week, when a new symphony (the fourth) by Mr. F. H. Cowen was produced with great success. The work consists of the full complement of four movements, in each of which there is much effective music and some very skilful instrumentation. We shall doubtless soon have an opportunity to speak further of the symphony. It was conducted, as was the concert altogether, by the composer, who was greatly applauded. A specialty of the evening was the remarkable performance of Signor Bottesini on the contrabasso. This artist, who used to be styled the "Paganini of the double bass," had not been here since 1871, and his playing on the occasion now referred to proved that he has not lost any of his exceptional skill. The beautiful quality of tone produced from the gigantic instrument, and the facile execution of elaborate passages, constituted a display that elicited enthusiastic demonstrations. Signor Bottesini was heard in a concerto of his own composition and (in answer to the encore) some elaborate variations on the air "Nel cor più." Madame Essipoff played Chopin's first pianoforte concerto and a solo piece with brilliant execution, and vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Valleria and Mr. Maas.

The fourth of Señor Sarasate's excellent orchestral concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, and included his fine performances in M. Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, and Raff's "Suite"—with orchestra—and smaller solo pieces. This was to have been the last concert of the series, but an extra concert is announced for next Monday afternoon.

Mr. Max Pauer's second performance of clavecin and pianoforte music at Prince's Hall, last week, was as successful as the first. The specimens were again given in chronological order, ranging from an early period to the present time. The second of Madame Frickenhaus' and Herr Ludwig's interesting chamber concerts also took place at Prince's Hall last week. The skilful pianoforte playing of the former and Mr. Ludwig's artistic violin performances are prominent features in these programmes. The remaining concerts will be given on June 12 and 26.

The seventh of the Richter concerts took place on Thursday evening, when the programme was rendered of special interest by including extracts from Wagner's latest stage work—"Parsifal."

Mr. Charles Hallé's fourth chamber concert was given at Prince's Hall on Friday afternoon.

Sir Julius Benedict's Jubilee performances at the Royal Albert Hall—where his oratorio St. Peter was given yesterday (Friday) evening, and a miscellaneous concert this (Saturday) morning, must be referred to next week.

The Musical Artists' Society will give the thirty-third performance of new compositions this (Saturday) evening, at the concert-room, 135, New Bond-street.

The picture by Mr. Seymour Lucas, "A Suspicious Guest at the Mermaid," of which we presented an Engraving with the *Illustrated London News* of the 24th ult., is the property of Mr. W. Knowles, of 48, Moorgate-street, and the Engraving was made and published by that gentleman's special permission.

Sir. J. W. Pease, M.P., unveiled opposite the Middlesbrough Exchange on Monday a bronze statue of the late John Vaughan, who, with Mr. Bolckow, was the pioneer of the Cleveland iron trade, and originated the firm bearing their name, the largest of the kind in the world. Mr. John Marley, who was with Mr. Vaughan when they discovered ironstone near Middlesbrough, thirty-four years since, detailed the incident. The member for the borough, the Mayor and Corporation and the leading men connected with the iron trade, were present, also a vast assemblage. The statue, by Lawson, cost £2000, which was publicly subscribed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Feast of Pentecost has lost in the eyes of the worldly-minded much of its original signification; and by the mass of the people, indeed, Whit Monday may be acclaimed only as a Bank Holiday. Enthusiastic archæologists, who do not mind trying to bring down the past with a very long shot, may fancy that they discern in the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, a dim survival of the mediæval celebration—

> In somer at Whytsuntyde,
> Whan Knyghts moste on horsebacke ryde,
> A cours let they make on a daye,
> Steedes and palfreyes for to assaye
> Wich horse that best may ren.

However, we seem to have dispensed altogether with "Whitsun ales" in favour of unpicturesque tippling at public-houses. The Whitsun morris-dancers and minstrels have been superseded by the jingling and jigging of the music-halls; and instead of the Whitsun Mysteries or Miracle Plays for which Coventry and Chester were mediævally famous—which were so energetically condemned by Wicklif, while Luther thought them to be more impressive than sermons—we have, in this utilitarian but amusement-loving age, a good deal of increased activity at the playhouses at Whitsuntide, resulting in an avalanche of entertainments more or less calculated to catch the pennies of the playgoing public.

At the Lyceum on Thursday, May 29, a large and brilliant audience assembled to witness the final performance in England, for this season at least, of Mr. Lawrence Barrett. Mr. W. D. Howell's inconsequent play of "Yorick's Love" was, *faute de mieux*, specially revived for the occasion; but the pseudo-Elizabethan drama, weak, windy, and wearisome as it is, affords Mr. Lawrence Barrett a capital opportunity for displaying to the fullest his peculiar gifts of quiet pathos, delicate humour, and refined eloquence. His reception was throughout the evening most cordial; and at the end of the second act, after having been repeatedly recalled before the curtain, the excellent tragedian made a very telling and touching speech, expressive of the gratitude which he felt at the kindness with which he had been received by the public during his stay among us. It strikes me that, on the whole, the British public have more reason to be grateful to Mr. Lawrence Barrett than he has to be grateful to them. Mr. Barrett is as modest as he is talented. I rejoice to learn that he intends to try his luck again in London ere long; and I hope that he will make his reappearance at some other theatre than the Lyceum. The patrons of this favourite place of amusement, having done their best to speed the parting guest, proceeded to welcome the coming one; and on Saturday, May 31, to a house crowded from pit to ceiling, and comprising all the "first nighters" and all their brothers and sisters, Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry made their reappearance as Benedick and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." Criticism on two impersonations so admirable and so universally known and appreciated would be manifestly superfluous. Otherwise there have been some changes in the distribution of the characters. Mr. Terriss is still Don Pedro, and Mr. Mead Friar Francis; but to Mr. Howe has most judiciously been apportioned the part of Dogberry; while Mr. Norman Robinson very capably replaces his brother Forbes—absent for "absolute" reasons at the Haymarket—as Claudio. Mr. Wenman plays Leonato *vice* Mr. Fernandez, retained "in another place"; but graceful Miss Millward remains as Hero. The performance, of course, gave rise to a tremendous demonstration of enthusiasm, which of course led to a speech from Mr. Irving, in which he spoke of the magnificent welcome with which himself, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum Company had met in America. He disclaimed any intention of building a palatial theatre for himself on the Thames Embankment, and he announced his intention of producing "Twelfth Night," of which the run, however, will be necessarily short, as in some ten weeks or so Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and their company will return to the United States of America. It is to be hoped that the two principals, when they have each realised a magnificent fortune in the Great Republic, will settle down comfortably, quietly, and definitively in their old home in Wellington-street, Strand, W.C. The Conservative playgoer (I am a rank Tory in all matters theatrical) objects to the oceanic gadding about of his prime favourites; just as the Western farmer objected to newspapers on the ground that "they made his cows stray so." If Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry travel abroad for a long time too frequently, they may chance to find some day, and to their dismay, that young Mr. David Garrick and young Mrs. Siddons have come to town and are carrying all before them in Goodman's-fields, or elsewhere.

At Drury Lane, the "Mastodon Minstrels," a taste of whose quality, under the management of Mr. Haverly, was given some time since at Her Majesty's Theatre, have now been developed to even more "Mastodonic" proportions—that is to say, a few more mammoths and a Leviathan or two and a fresh Iguanadon have been added to swell the melodious troupe, which now numbers something like a hundred performers. Life in the Sunny South is supposed to be the particular form of existence illustrated by these very versatile minstrels, who began their seven weeks' summer season at the National theatre on Saturday, May 31. There is a copious supply of "Bones" and "End Men"; there are some wonderful military groupings called "Warriors and Gladiators," and the colossal "variety show" winds up with a merry three-scene operetta entitled "The Princess of Madagascar." To playgoers whose nerves are not highly strung, Haverly's American-European Mastodon Minstrels should present a very sufficing pabulum of amusement indeed. At the Vaudeville, where "Confusion" is still running its triumphant career, that exceptionally successful piece will be preceded, next week, by a comedietta by Mr. Howard Paul, called "The Man Opposite," in which the author and Miss Kate Phillips will appear. At the Strand on Monday, June 2, H. J. Byron's comedy of "Our Boys" was revived, with the inimitable Mr. David James as Perkin Middlewick. At the Court the management have revived T. W. Robertson's comedy of "Play," which is certainly not one of the strongest of a very unequal dramatist's productions. At the Criterion the Whitsun "novelty" has been the revival of "The Great Divorce Case"; and at the Holborn has been produced a dramatised version of "Adam Bede." The drama, by Mr. Howell Poole, is in four acts; Mr. George Rignold plays Adam Bede, and Miss Edith Jordan is the Hetty. I shall speak in detail of the performance next week.

G. A. S.

The East-End Aquarium, which is situate in Bishopsgate Without, was on Wednesday morning destroyed by fire, and a lioness and cub, a wolf, a bear, eight or nine monkeys, two civet cats, and other animals, birds, and fish of minor importance, were either suffocated or burned to death.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels entertained a large and appreciative audience on Whit Monday afternoon. The programme, which was entirely new, consisted of sentimental and comic ballads, and concluded with two amusing sketches, "Hurry, Little Children," and "A Morning at Kino's." The interest throughout was fully sustained.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

There is no doubt that the long-continued drought, which is becoming very serious to the country at large, robbed Epsom of half its usual attractions, and, unless we have a good many hours of steady rain before next Tuesday, "Royal Ascot" will be a comparative failure. Owners of valuable horses are naturally afraid to run them when the course is exactly like a turnpike road; and we were surprised that the fields at Epsom were not smaller than was the case. No less than thirteen turned out for the Grand Prize on the Thursday, a stake which is rapidly becoming very popular, and the value of which does not fall far short of that of the Derby itself. St. Médard and one or two of the other "blue ribbon" candidates had a cut in, but Mr. Gerard's somewhat common little colt was not fancied, and cut up very indifferently, the race going to that really good filly Cherry, who has not yet known the meaning of defeat. Kinsky, who is evidently far better than was generally imagined, ran her a good race, and the pair were right away from the others when they passed the winning-post. Merely mentioning that Grecian Bride took the Stanley Stakes, and that Thebais (9 st. 12 lb.), in spite of her crushing weight, proved equal to disposing of seven opponents for the Royal Stakes, we pass on to the concluding day of the meeting.

The weather took a pleasant turn, being again warm and summer-like, and, but for the clouds of choking dust, visitors to the Downs would have had nothing to complain of. All the nine coloured on the card ran for the Oaks, but Queen Adelaide, in consideration of her exertions in the Derby, was saddled quietly away from the paddock, and did not join in the parade or canter. She, however, looked remarkably well, and moved very freely in the race. Busybody excited universal admiration, and Tom Cannon deserves the highest credit for having turned her out in such blooming condition, whilst the improvement effected in Superba since her essay in the Two Thousand was very marked, and, if she only goes on the right way, she is bound to be a very dangerous St. Leger candidate. The start was delayed for some time by the fractiousness of Whitelock, on whom Tomlinson had a very unpleasant ten minutes, and finally she was the last off, though she soon improved her position. Queen Adelaide showed the way for a few strides, but was soon pulled back, and Kinfauns held a slight lead in passing Sherwood's from Pinta, Legacy, Whitelock, and Quilt, and the others were headed by Wild Shot until entering the furzes. At this point Pinta and Legacy jointly bore their colours to the fore from Kinfauns and Quilt, of whom the last-named pair gave way just beyond the mile-post to Wild Shot. At their heels lay Busybody to the top of the hill, when Legacy parted company from Pinta, who thereupon rapidly dropped into the last place. The decline of Lord Zetland's representative left Wild Shot in close attendance upon Legacy, whom she joined five furlongs from home, and they were pursued by Quilt, Busybody, Queen Adelaide, and Kinfauns, clear of Whitelock and Superba, until half-way round Tattenham Corner. The favourite then took third place, and Kinfauns went on side by side with Quilt until crossing the road, when Wild Shot, who had just beforehand given Legacy the go-by, yielded the command to Busybody. The latter, in the middle of course, was attended by Wild Shot, Quilt, and Kinfauns (all on her left) until half-way down the straight, when Queen Adelaide, pulling double, drew up between Busybody and Quilt, with Superba in close attendance. No sooner had Busybody been set going in earnest than the left-hand trio hung out signals of distress, and at the distance she had settled Queen Adelaide. The time was now come, however, for the carefully-husbanded Superba to make her effort, and she challenged in such a determined fashion that she reached Busybody's girths opposite the private stand; but the favourite won cleverly by half a length; Queen Adelaide was a bad third, Wild Shot fourth, Quilt fifth, Kinfauns sixth, Whitelock seventh, and Pinta, a long way, last. The antagonism of Busybody, Superba, Queen Adelaide, Scot Free, Harvester, and The Lambkin promises to give us a most exciting Leger, and we must hope that they will all steer clear of the numerous mishaps to which they are liable during training, and come to the post in the pink of condition. As St. Simon walked over for the Epsom Gold Cup, the only other race that we need mention is the Acorn Stakes, for which little Lucy Ashton was backed against the field. Unfortunately, however, she fell a victim to the hardness of the ground, and split one of her pastern joints; and Vacillation did the ring a good turn by beating Grecian bride, from whom she was in receipt of 9 lb., by a length and a half.

A general topic of conversation during the day was the objection to St. Gatien on the ground of insufficient description of pedigree. We consider it a very frivolous one.

The Bank Holiday meetings may safely be passed over without comment, if we except that held at Kempton Park, where the victory of Brag (9 st. 2 lb.) in the Whitsuntide Cup redounded greatly to the credit of Thebais, who gave him 10 lb. at Epsom and beat him very easily. At the time of writing, the Manchester Meeting is in progress, and though, of course, the want of rain is sadly felt, there is every promise of a successful gathering. On the opening day Archer rode no less than five winners, and Wood steered the other two, these wonderfully successful jockeys making a clean sweep of the card. There were only half a dozen starters for the rich Salford Borough Handicap, which fell to Energy (8 st. 10 lb.), who has long been expected to win a good race, and, as Lovely (8 st. 9 lb.) took the Philips Handicap, Mr. Manton's "scarlet," which has been a luckless colour, had a much-needed turn.

After a very exciting match the Australians were beaten by the Gentlemen of England at Lord's last week. They had very bad luck, as Spofforth was disabled early in the match, and had they not thus been deprived of the services of their best bowler, the result might have been different. For the winners, A. W. Ridley (68) and G. F. Vernon (58) were the highest scorers, and it was the determined batting of A. G. Steel (not out, 35) and E. J. Diver (not out, 22), at a critical point of the game, that materially helped England to win by four wickets. On the other side, H. G. H. Scott (not out, 82) played another splendid innings, and, this season, is about the best bat in the team. We are glad to say that Spofforth was able to take his place again in the match with Derbyshire this week, and proved that there was not much the matter with his arm by taking twelve wickets for 83 runs. No sensational score was made on either side, and the county was beaten in one innings with 40 runs to spare. We may mention, as a very unusual occurrence in cricket, that, in a match between the South Wimbledon C.C. and Wellingborough Grammar School on Monday, the former, after having to follow on, managed to win by 22 runs.

The billiard-matches between Cook and Mitchell and Roberts and Peall were ended on Saturday and Monday. Neither of the former pair were in good form, Cook especially playing very badly at times, and he was beaten easily by 672 points. Roberts and Peall, on the other hand, gave a grand exhibition of the game, and the latter—who received a start of 2000 points in 10,000—twice made over 700 off the balls; but, in spite of these long breaks, won by 589 points only, as his opponent played up in grand style at the finish.

THE COURT.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral on Sunday morning by the Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D.D., of St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, one of her Majesty's chaplains, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess Leiningen, and the Royal Household. The Queen went out on Monday morning with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove through Braemar and round the Lion's Face, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Leiningen. Lord Carlingford, Minister in attendance, and Dr. Lees and the Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Princesses. The Queen has conferred the dignity of Baron of the United Kingdom upon the Earl of Seafield, who will take the title of Baron Strathspey.

The Prince of Wales dined yesterday week at the Union Club, Paris, with the Duc d'Aumale, Admiral Gallifet, and other distinguished persons; and on Sunday he dined at the British Embassy. The Prince has left Paris for Wiesbaden. The Princess, accompanied by her daughters, left Rumpenheim on Wednesday for Wiesbaden.

The Duchess of Edinburgh embarked on Monday at Port Victoria, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, for conveyance to Cronstadt. On Tuesday afternoon the family of the Duke and Duchess—Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra, and Prince Alfred—arrived at Ballater Station from London, and drove to Abergeldie Mains, where they are to stay during the summer months.

MADAME ALBANI.

Emma Albani is a native of Canada, having been born at Chambly, where, at a very early age, she manifested extraordinary musical capacities. When only twelve years old, she was favourably known in public as a vocalist. The extraordinary effect produced by her singing in the Cathedral services at Albany, probably suggested the adoption of Albani as the stage name of the young Canadian lady, whose real patronymic is Lajeunesse. The great impression caused by her performances at Albany led to her visiting Europe; and after some time spent in assiduous study of her art, she made her début as an operatic vocalist in Italy. Her success was at once decided, and constantly progressed until her triumphs at Florence drew the attention of the management of the Royal Italian Opera here, and resulted in her engagement by the late Mr. Frederick Gye for that establishment, where she made her first appearance in 1872, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," and met with an enthusiastic reception.

In a wide range of characters, in musical comedy as well as in serious and tragic opera, Madame Albani has continued to enhance the position she originally established here; and she now justly occupies a foremost position as a prima donna of the highest rank. Among her many admirable performances, especially noteworthy are her impersonations of Elsa, Elisabeth, and Senta, respectively, in the Italian versions of Wagner's operas, "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," and "Der Fliegende Hollander." Both in vocal skill and histrionic power, Madame Albani has continued to progress, success having served to stimulate, not relax, her study of her art. It is scarcely necessary here to dwell on the characteristics and qualities of Madame Albani as a dramatic singer—the extensive compass of her pure soprano voice (upwards of two octaves); its exquisitely sympathetic quality, perceptible even amidst the most brilliant execution; her highly cultivated and finished mechanism, as evidenced in the most florid and elaborate ornaments and cadenzas; her grace and charm of manner, and power of pathos as an actress—all these gifts and accomplishments have been dwelt on in the current notices of her performances. The latest addition to her now extensive répertoire is the character of Juliet in Gounod's opera "Romeo e Giulietta"—her first appearance in which was made on Thursday week, as recorded in another part of this Journal. It only remains to wish health and strength for the continued successful pursuit of the high career in which Madame Albani (now Mrs. Ernest Gye) is engaged.

MARRIAGE OF THE "MIDGETS."

Those marvellously diminutive persons, the two "American Midgets," were married at Manchester on Wednesday week. "General Mite," whose real name is Francis Joseph Flynn, is nineteen years of age, and was born at Greene, Chenango county, New York. He is but twenty-two inches in height, and weighs only nine pounds. The bride, Miss Millie Edwards, is aged seventeen, stands nineteen and a half inches high, and weighs seven pounds. She was born at Calamazo, in the State of Michigan. She has been travelling with General Mite for about two years. The General has been travelling about nine years, and during that time he has visited all the Courts of Europe and all the large towns in England. The marriage would, it is stated, have taken place some time ago, but for the fact that the parents are of different religions. The General's parents are Catholics, while the parents of the young lady are Presbyterians, and after a long discussion it was decided that they should be married according to the Presbyterian form. Previously to this, the civil marriage took place at the Superintendent Registrar's office. The little couple were dressed in walking costume, and on their arrival at the office were carried up stairs enveloped in shawls. A fire was lighted to keep the room at the temperature in which they live, and when all was ready they were lifted upon a low office table, where a small garden seat was placed for them. A bouquet was presented to the bride by the eldest daughter of the Registrar, and the ceremony was at once commenced. The little people were quite self-possessed, and showed no embarrassment. They answered questions and repeated the declarations in a thin, piping voice, and when the ceremony was concluded were taken into an adjoining room to sign the register. A large company assembled in St. James's Hall, immediately afterwards, to witness the religious ceremony, which was conducted by the Rev. James Mackie, of the Scottish National Church, Rusholme, and chaplain to the Presbyterian forces in Manchester. The Band of the 3rd Dragoon Guards performed the "Wedding March." Colonel Nepts, a German dwarf, was the best man, and two little girls were bridesmaids, the bride and bridegroom standing on a table during the service. After leaving Manchester, the couple would spend their honeymoon on the Continent before returning to America.

To-day (Saturday) is appointed for the private view, at Messrs. Graves and Co., Pall-mall, of a half-length portrait of Lord Hampden, in his robes as Speaker of the House of Lords, by F. W. Lawson. The portrait is an excellent likeness, and will be engraved; subscriptions for proofs and prints are received by Messrs. Graves.

Lord Wrottesley, Lord Lieutenant of the county, opened a Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition at Wolverhampton yesterday week, and inaugurated at the same time the handsome building which has been erected in the centre of the town by an anonymous donor, at a cost of £8000, for the purposes of an art gallery and museum.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 3.

M. Naquet has triumphed, for, although his bill itself has not been voted by the Senate, divorce has been officially re-established by the voting of the first clause of a counter-bill to this effect—"The law of May 8, 1816, is abrogated." The Senate voted this clause by 160 against 118. The principle of divorce is thus reinstated in the French Code, and there now remains only the discussion and settlement of the conditions on which divorce may be obtained. The law of May 8, 1816, is the law in the Napoleonic Code prohibiting divorce and proclaiming the indissolubility of marriage. In the Chamber of Deputies the Army Reform Bill has made great progress, and the most important of all the articles has been voted—namely, that which declares military service to be "obligatory, personal, and equal for all Frenchmen." The Commission of twenty-two members elected to examine the Governmental Bill for the Revision of the Constitution and all amendments and counter-bills on the same subject is composed in such a manner as to lead us to anticipate the victory of the Government. The question will probably be settled within a fortnight.

The *grande quinzaine*, or great fortnight, of the Paris season, is particularly brilliant this year; and never have concerts, balls, dinners, garden parties, and fêtes of all kinds, been more numerous. On Sunday, the toilets at Auteuil were extremely elegant, the crowd greater than ever, and the enthusiasm indescribable when M. Camille Blanc's Varaville, a thoroughly French horse, won the Grand International Steeple-chase by three lengths, Azuline being second and Onyx third. The French seem to derive great satisfaction from the victory of their champion, and are already discounting the probable victory of Little Duck, who is first favourite for the Grand Prix. This week the provincials and foreigners have come to partake of the pleasures of Paris: the city is full, every place of amusement is crowded, and the Grand Prix fever is at its height.

A splendid performance was given at the Trocadéro last Saturday for the benefit of M. Jules Pasdeloup, the founder of the Paris Concerts Populaires. During a quarter of a century M. Pasdeloup has devoted his life to this work, of which others will reap the benefit, and it is to his efforts that we owe in a great measure the modern musical revival in France. Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Massenet, Guiraud, Lalo, Paladilhe, were made known to the public by Pasdeloup. It was he who began the rehabilitation of Berlioz; it was he who first struggled for Schumann and Wagner. In short, the history of modern French music cannot be written without one of the first pages being devoted to him.

Mdlle. Marie Colombier has been condemned to 1000f. fine and three months' imprisonment for her scandalous volume—"The Memoirs of Sarah Barnum."—The Comte d'Haussonville, member of the French Academy and of the Senate, died last week, at the age of seventy-five. M. d'Haussonville was a highly cultivated gentleman, a Liberal in politics, an active philanthropist, and author of several important historical works and innumerable political pamphlets. His wife, *née* Princesse de Broglie, grand-daughter of Madame de Staël, and herself a woman of letters, used to preside over one of the most brilliant salons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.—There has been much discussion in the newspapers of late on the subject of Prince Victor Napoleon. This young pretender has recently set up an establishment of his own on the strength of a mysterious annuity of 40,000f. The question is, who gives the Prince this money? Is it Moet and Chandon champagne, impersonated in M. Auban-Moet? Is it the ex-Empress Eugénie? Is it Princess Mathilde? Is it Prince Roland Bonaparte, the inheritor of the millions of Monaco Blanc? The truth seems to be that a few veterans of the Bonapartist party have clubbed together to give the Prince a modest income.—Last Thursday the shareholders of the Suez Canal Company adopted, by large majorities, the arrangement between M. de Lesseps and the English Shipowners which was approved of by a small majority early in March.—A new volume by M. Ernest Renan, "Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse," will be published at the end of the week.

T. C.

The International Electric Exhibition at Turin was opened on Thursday week with due solemnity by the King and Queen.

The King of Holland has arrived in Carlsbad for a four-weeks course of treatment, and has taken up his residence in the Königs Villa. The Prince of Orange is seriously ill.

A statue to General Dufour was unveiled at Geneva on Monday in presence of an immense crowd, estimated at 10,000 people. The town was gaily decorated with flags.

The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna from Pesth. His Majesty has won the first and two other prizes of the Art Association at Lintz, and the Empress has also gained one. On Tuesday the Emperor began the annual inspection of the troops stationed in Vienna. The manœuvres of the Austrian fleet have begun, and continue for six weeks, Vice-Admiral Sterneck being in command.

The German Emperor has appointed the Crown Prince President, and Prince von Bismarck Vice-President of the new Prussian Council of State. The great spring review of the Guards corps took place in Berlin on Thursday week. The Emperor William was present, and remained in the saddle for more than two hours. The Empress of Russia arrived at Berlin on Wednesday, and was cordially welcomed by the Emperor, the Crown Princess Victoria, and all the Princes at Berlin.

The King of Denmark, having closed the thirty-sixth Session of the Rigsdag, and empowered the Crown Prince to discharge his Majesty's duties during his absence, left Copenhagen on Sunday for Wiesbaden, where his Majesty purposes taking the water. The Session closed without the Treaty of Commerce between Spain and Denmark being ratified, the Folkething having made its ratification dependent on an inadmissible tariff.

The Emperor of Russia and the Imperial family have removed to Peterhof, where they purpose staying during the summer season.

The King of the Hellenes left Athens on Monday for St. Petersburg, in order to be present at the marriage of the Grand Duke Sergius.

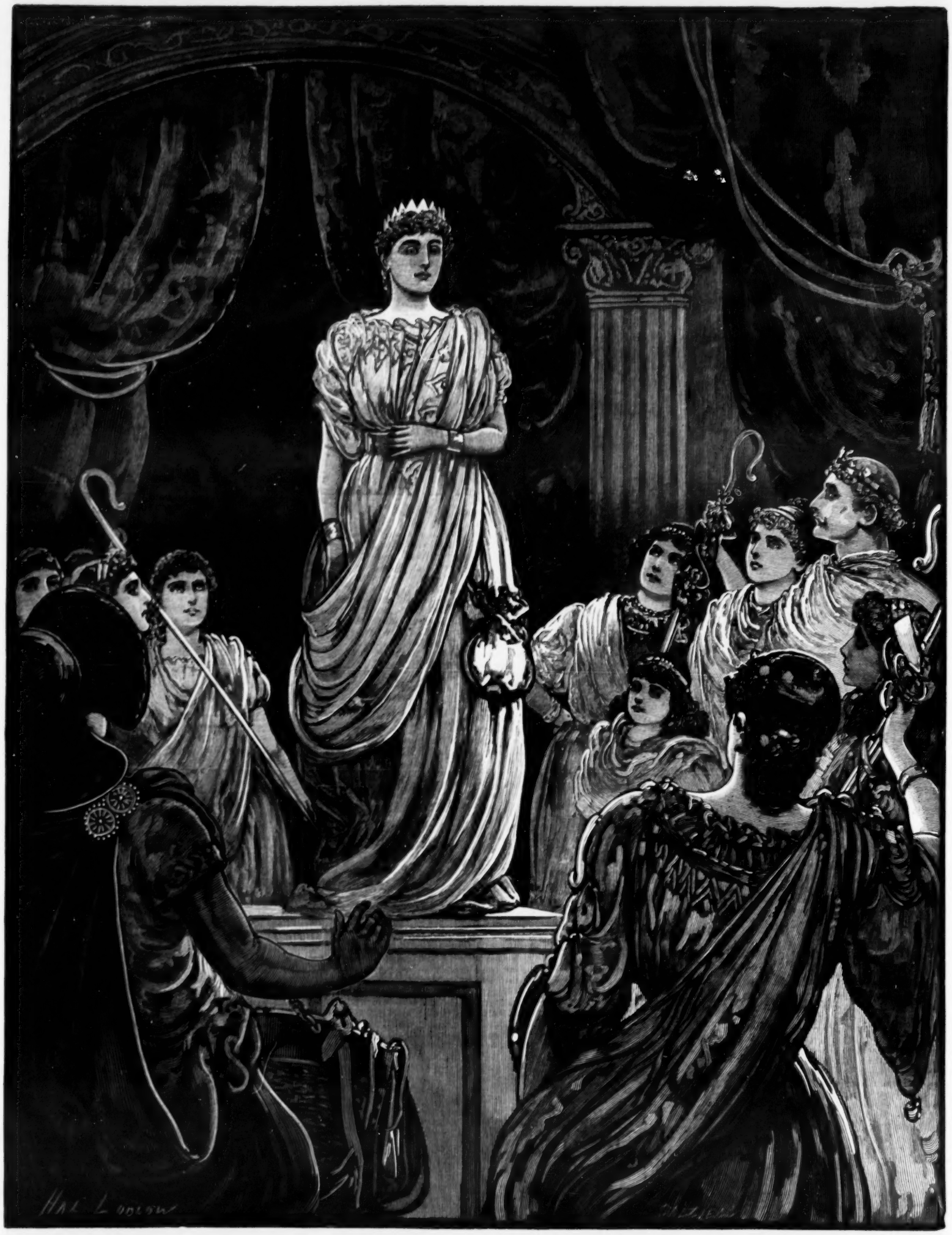
Mr. Sprigg's Budget, laid before the Cape Parliament, revises the Customs tariff on the basis of the protection of the colonial industry. An excise duty is imposed on spirits and beer, with a difference in favour of the wine farmers.

Miss Robinson proposes to establish an institute for soldiers and sailors at Alexandria in connection with those working successfully at Portsmouth. She appeals to the liberality of the English public to enable her to commence a suitable building without delay.

On Monday night the Arabs again made an attack on Souakim, but were again driven back from the lines and pursued by cavalry. Two of the assailants were killed.

It is rumoured in Durban that Sir Henry Bulwer has resigned the Governorship of Natal.

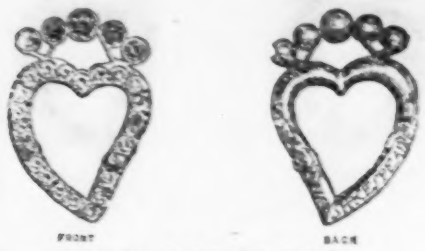
MARRIAGE OF THE AMERICAN "MIDGETS" AT MANCHESTER.



THE SHAKSPEAREAN SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: TABLEAU VIVANT OF SCENE FROM THE "WINTER'S TALE."

THE SHAKSPEAREAN SHOW.

Our Illustration of this ingenious and tasteful public entertainment, which took place on Thursday and Friday of last week at the Royal Albert Hall, for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, represents one of the *tableaux vivants* in which some accomplished ladies and gentlemen performed select scenes from several of Shakspeare's plays. The one which we have chosen for the subject of this Illustration is that in the "Winter's Tale," in the atrium of Paulina's house, where the injured Queen Hermione, who is believed to be dead, is shown as a statue of herself, standing before the eyes of her husband and friends, until the moment comes for gladly undeceiving them, and proving that she is still alive. This scene was represented at the Royal Albert Hall by (Hermione) Mrs. Coghlan MacHardy, assisted by Miss MacHardy, Mrs. Finch Noyes, Miss Martin, Miss Bell, Miss Lilian MacHardy, Miss Patton Bethune, Miss Sybil Johns, Miss E. Boehm, Miss Kuhling, and Messrs. Gilbert Smith and Alfred Thomson.



SILVER BROOCH SET WITH CRYSTALS, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO SHAKSPEARE.

The collection of Shakspearean Relics included the ancient silver brooch, set with crystals, which was found in 1828 by a labouring man, Joseph Smith, of Stratford, employed in excavating part of the garden-ground attached to New Place, where Shakspeare lived after his retirement from London theatrical business till his death in 1616. It is heart-shaped, about an inch long, and was originally set with twenty-two crystals, three of which have fallen out; it was accidentally broken some years ago, and has been repaired with solder. The five stones at the top, alternately red and blue, form a little coronet. On the reverse side is the name "Shakspeare," and the letter "W." is inscribed before this, near the bottom; above which, according to the statement of Joseph Smith, was to be read, when he first got it, another word, looking like "Lova" or "Love," but this was obliterated in cleaning or scraping the brooch. "Love W. Shakspeare" is not an unlikely inscription, supposing him to have given this brooch to Ann Hathaway when she became the wife of his youth. The letter "W.," with the middle lines interlaced, resembles in form that on Shakspeare's signet-ring in the Birthplace Museum. In the judgment of persons acquainted with antique jewellery, this brooch is of a make quite as old as Shakspeare's time; and there are some of the same description in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, which are considered to be of French manufacture, imported in the sixteenth century. The question of the authenticity of this brooch was discussed at a meeting of the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society on Nov. 15, last year, when Mr. John Rabone, its present possessor, delivered an address upon the subject.

"NEW LIGHT" ON SHAKSPEARE.

A literary veteran who will not yet be forgotten by the multitude of his readers, Dr. Charles Mackay, announces the forthcoming production by him of an important work on the etymology and proper significance of obscure words in Shakspeare's plays and poems. Dr. Mackay is well known to be a learned student of the Celtic, and especially the Gaelic, language of Ancient Britain, and is the author of a treatise upon the admixture of this element in the English and Lowland Scotch, and in other modern languages of Western Europe. He has discovered in Shakspeare, who probably made free use of the vernacular of his native Warwickshire, a county the people of which are certainly of mixed race, abundant traces of the inheritance of Celtic roots of speech; and he is enabled, by his accurate knowledge of the Gaelic (for the Cymric, he thinks, was confined to Wales and Cornwall) to interpret a great number of peculiar words more intelligibly than has been hitherto done. The work that he is about to publish by subscription will appear in a small quarto volume, orders for which may be given to Messrs. Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand; but he has already issued a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, containing specimens of these etymological and philological notes, entitled "New Light on Some Obscure Words and Phrases in the Works of Shakspeare and his Contemporaries." They will doubtless obtain due attention, and will be candidly examined, among competent scholars of the history of the English language and literature, who will look for the appearance of the complete work.

Another pamphlet, issued by Messrs. W. H. Guest and Co., puts in its title the startling but not very novel inquiry, "Did Francis Bacon write 'Shakspeare'"? If any person might be allowed to put this tremendous question, it is the editor of Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," a lady of immense industry, whose minute researches into the text of Shakspeare and other Elizabethan authors, tracing numberless instances of identity or similarity both of ideas and of expressions, have a substantial value, whatever may be thought of the theory of Baconian authorship. The "Promus," which is a private note-book in Bacon's hand-writing, recently printed from the MS. at the British Museum, being a collection of proverbial phrases, figurative examples, and striking or impressive forms of speech, evidently noted by Bacon for his own use, has much interest as a matter of literary biography. The editor, Mrs. Henry Pott, is one of those who have been led to believe that Bacon actually wrote not only all the plays, but also the poems and sonnets, which have passed for Shakspeare's, and that he had strong personal motives for the arrangement by which his authorship was concealed. She sets forth, in this brief tract, thirty-two reasons for entertaining a theory which has not, though it was started nearly thirty years ago, made a great many converts. We are by no means yet converted; but the incidental results of this investigation seem likely to have a certain value in throwing light upon some literary and historical topics hitherto imperfectly understood.

The Good Templars of Middlesex have completed a fund of £1000 for the establishment of a Good Templars' Ward in the new Temperance Hospital in the Hampstead-road.

The Bentinck Dock at King's Lynn, which is 1000 ft. long and 400 ft. wide, with an entrance lock 300 ft. long, having been completed at a cost of about £100,000, was opened last Saturday for trading purposes.

NOVELS.

Romance, in a prose tale, may be thought by the majority of critics to be lawfully subjected to narrower limits than in an imaginative poem, or in some of Shakspeare's plays. If they insist upon that opinion, Mr. R. E. Francillon, in his latest three-volume story, called "a Romance" on the titlepage, has exceeded the bounds they would prescribe. It is a bold assumption, and these critics will only allow it as a poetical license, to conceive the possibility of a person who has long been absent from home, and who was believed to be dead, returning under a different name to the society of former intimate friends, of a sister and a lover, without being recognised, and passing with them for somebody else. We must therefore warn the readers of *A Real Queen* (published by Chatto and Windus) that they will have to put up with just this element of improbability; but it is accepted freely enough in some of the most admired dramatic and poetical fictions, and why not in a prose novel of English life at the present day? Granting so much license to the author, his main design has the merit of complete originality, and is worked out, from an imaginative point of view, with such entire harmony of conception, and with such ingenious skill and care in the linking together of singular but very possible incidents, above all, with such a growing force of narrative interest, striking contrast of situations, and mutual influence of characters, as to make a very interesting and effective story. The first volume, taken by itself, is a masterpiece of direct and simple narrative. It is the adventure of a young girl, living with a careless bachelor uncle, a pedantic antiquary, and with a younger sister, in a sequestered country-house on the seashore. An escaped convict, who is a gentleman wrongly accused of a crime like that of William Roupell, breaking out of a prison like that on Dartmoor, enters the house, finds her alone, and compels her to assist in hiding him for two days, till he gets off in a boat and carries her with him to prevent her giving information that would aid the pursuit. All this, which is admirably well told, cannot be said to go beyond the limits of natural possibility; and when the young lady, with her strange companion, is picked up by a Portuguese schooner bound for a port in the Pacific Ocean, there is nothing impossible in a shipwreck which casts her quite alone upon an island peopled with savages. They do not eat her, but worship her as a heaven-sent messenger predicted by the mystic traditions of their race. This, indeed, is a flight of romance; but in the isles of the South Seas, notwithstanding our comparatively recent actual experiences of their condition, Fancy has still a considerable latitude of delightful indulgence. The paradise of Apahu, with its innocent nation who choose Rosamond Fane to be their Queen, may be regarded as a bit of Dreamland; but we are not obliged to dispute its existence, though geography and travel forbid the belief of any such place being in existence. Let this, however, be granted to the author, and he is thereby enabled, through the agency of a speculative colonial and commercial intriguer, Dr. Hermon Rackstraw, a pretended philanthropist and protector of aborigines, to bring the Queen home to England, after ten long years, introducing her to London society by the conventional name of Senhora Miranda. For certain reasons, when she meets her sister and other friends of her girlhood, she refrains from making herself known to them; and an entertaining game of cross-purposes is played, underneath which lies the gradual discovery of a remote domestic conspiracy, which has occasioned the disinheritance of Lawrence Derwent, and his sentence of penal servitude for a crime he had never committed. We beg leave to state that he do *s not*, after all, become Rosamond's accepted lover, but that Oswald Hargrave, her good and true champion from first to last, is worthy of his final reward. The freshness of tone, the spirit and humour, and the sympathetic power, with which Mr. Francillon relates these marvellous adventures, reconcile us to a somewhat forced combination of events, and we finish by commending "A Real Queen," as a capital story of the boldly imaginative kind.

A novelist who is also a poet, like Mr. Robert Buchanan, and who has a turn for ethical and psychological philosophy, is apt to choose themes for his prose fictions that involve the deeper workings of moral consciousness, tending to more vital issues than those of flirtation or even matrimony, or the loss or gain of a fortune. In the story which he calls *The New Abelard* (three vols., Chatto and Windus), the hero is an English clergyman, the Rev. Ambrose Bradley, whose theological opinions become more than unsettled, and who is personally the object of a vehement passion in the breast of a young lady named Miss Alma Craik. How far the author has carried out his design of representing a character, "both in his strength and weakness," similar to that of the renowned Divinity Professor of the University of Paris in the twelfth century, we leave to the judgment of biographical criticism. It may be well, however, to reassure the superficial readers who have some vague idea that the old story of Abelard and Heloise is sad and shocking; and we will therefore hasten to inform them that the loves of Ambrose Bradley and Alma Craik are pure and blameless, in the ordinary view of such relations; and it is only the fact of a previous marriage, and the survival of a faithless and worthless first wife long believed to be dead, that makes their union, otherwise legitimate as innocent, the cause of a rather tragical conclusion. Their fate, indeed, is nothing outwardly terrible, but only to be separated from each other in great unhappiness, till the lady becomes a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, and speedily dies in an Italian convent; while Mr. Bradley, a victim of severe mental and spiritual distress, roams over the Bavarian Alps, sees the performance of the Crucifixion-Play at Ober-Ammergau, and succumbs to heart disease in his lonely sojourn in that village. All this, to be sure, is very sad, but it is not very shocking; and the reader may further be assured that he or she will not find in this novel any appreciable expression or suggestion of arguments hostile to Christian belief, and that no young person is likely to be infected with scepticism by the shallow talk, in the style of "Literature and Dogma," with which the Rev. Ambrose confronts his astonished Bishop. If the real Abelard of history was not a better logician and metaphysician than this deplorable Rector of Fensea, the ecclesiastics of his age gave themselves much needless trouble in procuring his condemnation. Some of the persons of secondary importance in this story are cleverly delineated, especially the American professor of spirit-raising, Salem Mapleleafe, and his sister Eustasia, the successful Medium; but there is a general deficiency of pleasantness and brightness, and the total impression is not very agreeable.

A very well-written novel, indeed, with much shrewd and careful analysis of character, is *My Ducats and My Daughter* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), in which an anonymous author has drawn some masterly sketches and presented for contemplation some interesting specimens of human nature. The title is a little or more than a little misleading; for the story bears but a very faint, if any, resemblance to that of Shylock, his daughter Jessica, his ducats, and his unwelcome son-in-law Lorenzo. There is certainly a man of ducats, and he has one fair daughter, who has a lover; but, in the present case, it is not the man of ducats who is so shamefully used, as poor Shylock undoubtedly was used by his lovely daughter, but it is the lover who has reason to complain of his treatment at the hands both of the daughter and of the man of ducats. The story will have been spoilt for many readers by the introduction of a great deal that is superfluous about editors and journals and literary gentlemen; but it really seems as if in these latter days the majority of novelists have newspapers on the brain, and cannot help describing over and over again the sort of persons to be met with and the kind of work that goes on at the printing-office of a journal under high pressure. The description, on this occasion, is undoubtedly very good indeed; but it is a question whether the public have not had rather more than enough of such matters. The hero of the story is a very ordinary young man, such as may be found by scores among the middle class of this and probably every other country; and it is much more by good luck than good management that he learnt to know his own mind at last, and escapes from the toils of the fascinating Camilla to be happy, as he has some reason to hope, with the less showy but more sterling Gertrude. There is in the novel a lesson which deserves to be taken to heart, a lesson of mercy and benevolence, a lesson illustrative of the totally unexpected manner in which bread that is cast upon the waters may be said to have been found after many days. The hero's father, a mistaken philanthropist and dreamer, as the hard world of business thought him, died all but insolvent; but one of the good deeds of his life had been to befriend a reckless youth who had robbed him, and whom, nevertheless, he forgave, admonished, and sent out of the country with means enough to begin a new career. The youth, who was deeply touched, turned over a new leaf, became a prosperous and wealthy man, and at his death, which occurs with the opportuneness of which novelists alone seem to possess the secret, left everything to his benefactor's son.

In the epigrammatic title of *For Ever and Never*: by J. Palgrave Simpson (Chapman and Hall), a very fair hint is conveyed of what may be expected in the two volumes. For the experienced novel-reader will at once divine, correctly enough, that a sort of exchange is effected, so that "for ever" becomes "never," and "never" becomes "for ever." A dreadful man, described as an "author," who has to make his way in the world, and, to judge from his conversation, has no brains to make it with, though he has good looks enough to be more than a Shelley, on a larger, handsomer, less effeminate scale, parts in the first chapter from a most charming and beautiful girl, with mutual protestations of love "for ever." In the very next chapter a most worthy doctor of medicine offers himself and a fair practice to the same beautiful girl, who declines with thanks, and even with tears, and, being asked whether there can ever be any hope for him, replies laconically, but "with a melancholy shake of her head," as if she were really sorry for him, "never." Soon after this the beautiful girl, with whom the man she was to love "for ever" has kept up a very slack correspondence, which gradually ceases altogether, is left homeless and penniless, and of course has to "go out for a governess." In that capacity she finds a home in a very nice family where, just as she thinks that the lines have fallen unto her in pleasant places, she is discovered by a wicked baronet, to whom nothing is sacred, though he is not a French "supper," and who has persecuted her in the rudest possible manner many a time before. She, therefore, has to fly. A new situation is obtained for her; but, unfortunately, it is out of the frying-pan into the fire. For who should turn out to be the father of her young charges but the horrid author who was to have loved her "for ever." He declares that he has always done so and does so still, though he has to acknowledge that appearances are against him. He found, as so many enthusiasts have found, that authorship did not pay; so he accepted a lovely young lady of title with plenty of money, and condescended to take her name: which, of course, is the reason why the governess unconsciously ran right into the lion's jaws, that is to say, into the family of the man she was to love "for ever." She was naturally not in a state of mind to rejoice, as some literary readers no doubt will rejoice, over the new opening that seems to have been discovered for unsuccessful authors—lovely young ladies of title and fortune to be won by penniless authors, and nothing required but extraordinary good looks and a change of name. There is nothing, perhaps, an unsuccessful author would like so much as to change his name; but the good looks are a more difficult matter. However, it is quite clear that the poor governess could not have stopped in her new situation, even if the lady of the house had not made a very excusable uproar on finding her husband's portrait in her governess's possession, on hearing of kisses bestowed upon the governess by the pupils' father, and on becoming acquainted with other curious, suspicious, and irritating facts. Now is the time for the wicked baronet, who appears upon the scene with an ingenious plan for kidnapping the governess on her departure from the house. But this design is frustrated by the man to whom she had said "Never." More need not be stated to put readers upon the scent; and, if they will follow it out, they will meet with some very good sport.

A collection of short stories is contained in the two volumes entitled *Bound Together*: by Hugh Conway (Remington and Co.); and it would probably be sufficient to say that the writer of them is the author of "Called Back." To bear witness to their cleverness, however, is a bounden duty. They are not only readable, but they compel one to read, when a page or two have been turned over; and it is safe to say that few if any of them will be commenced without being finished. Many readers will even wish for more; though most of them, as might have been expected from the authorship, are of the weird, startling, and "gashly" sort. Even the fun is a little "gashly," with the exception—contrary to what the title would seem to foreshadow—of the exquisite little tale called "Miss Rivers's Revenge."

Sir Frederick Barlee, late Governor of British Honduras, left England on Monday by the West Indian mail for Trinidad, where he will take up the duties of the Governor, Sir Sanford Freeling, who is in England on leave.

The forty-third Annual Court of the Governors of the Brompton Hospital was held on Thursday—Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. In the past year 1537 in-patients had been admitted, compared with 1033 in 1882, the increase being due to the whole of the new extension building opposite having come into occupation. Of out-patients 13,314 had been treated. The total receipts were £26,293, the expenditure was £30,286. Sale of stock had become needful to maintain the increased number of 331 beds, and funds are urgently required.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain Antonio Scotto di Monaco, master of the Italian barque Carolina Falanga, of Naples, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Glenrosa, of North Shields, whom he rescued from their sinking vessel at sea on Oct. 23 last and conveyed to Buenos Ayes. The Board have also awarded a binocular glass to Salvatore Guarracino, the mate of the Carolina Falanga, in recognition of his gallant conduct in taking command of a boat and proceeding in a heavy sea to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew.

THE CHURCH.

The dedication of the restored west frontage of Lichfield Cathedral took place on Thursday week. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the clergy of the province attended the special service in the cathedral. The Bishop of the diocese preached in the morning to a crowded congregation. The restoration has occupied seven years, costing £35,000. An organ, which cost £2000 to renovate, was also dedicated.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the annual meeting of the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates yesterday week, in the National Society's rooms, and spoke strongly of the necessity for making further spiritual provision for the mass of the people in the large towns. The Bishop of Rochester, the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, Bishop Designate of Ripon, and Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., also addressed the meeting.

Dr. George Ridding, late Head Master of Winchester School, was on Wednesday week installed as first Bishop of the newly-founded diocese of Southwell. An Illustration of the ceremony is given on another page.—The consecration of the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, will take place at Westminster Abbey on July 25 (St. James's Day).—The new See of Mombassa, comprising the territory of Eastern Equatorial Africa, has been accepted by the Rev. James Hannington, of St. George's, Hurstpierpoint.—It is understood that the Hon. and Rev. Canon Anson, late Vicar of Woolwich, has accepted the new Bishopric of Assiniboin, which comprises portions of the dioceses of Rupertsland and Saskatchewan, and is co-terminous with the new provincial district of the same name lately defined by the Government of Canada.

The Bishop of Carlisle has collated the Rev. Canon Crosse to the Archdeaconry of Furness, formed out of the Archdeaconry of Westmoreland. The endowment has been provided by the Duke of Devonshire and the late Duke of Buccleuch.

The Bishop of Winchester on Thursday week opened the Bishop Wilberforce Memorial Church of St. Mary, at Southampton, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1878, and the first half of which was consecrated in the following year.

In reopening the parish church of Melbourne, Cambridge, after it had undergone restoration, at a cost of nearly £2000, on Thursday week, the Bishop of Ely said by the munificence of one individual the church had been given back to the parish restored, and they were asked to make good any deficiency in the cost of the work. The gentleman to whom the parish is indebted for this munificence is Mr. Hampden Fortham, of Melbourne Bury, and Phillimore-gardens.

Bishop Temple on Tuesday reopened the parish church of St. Leonard's, Exeter, which takes its name after a French saint, and which has been rebuilt at a cost of about £4000. The chancel is in commemoration of Lord Northbrook's return from India. The tower and spire have been erected at the expense of Mrs. Miles, of Dix's Field, Exeter; that lady also gave £500 towards the general restoration fund.

On Tuesday the Rev. Dr. Henderson was installed Dean of Carlisle, in succession to the Very Rev. Dr. Oakley, transferred to the Deanery of Manchester.

About 140 choirs of the diocese of Salisbury, making an aggregate of 3000 voices, held a festival in Salisbury Cathedral. The Mayor and Corporation of the city were present in state, and there was a military band in attendance. An electrical apparatus conveyed the best to the organ loft. Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Paul's, conducted the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus," which he had specially composed for the festival, the music including a selection from "The Messiah."

The congregation of St. Luke's, Deptford, have presented their Vicar, the Rev. James Malcolmson, with a set of library furniture, a silk gown, and a purse of sovereigns; and to Mrs. Malcolmson, her husband's portrait, a garden chair, and a set of richly-painted vases, in token of their love and esteem.—The Rev. Kirshaw T. Pierson, M.A., has been presented with testimonials on his leaving the curacy of St. Stephen's, South Kensington. The articles presented were a casket containing 50 guineas, a drawing-room lamp, and a china painting from members of "the mothers' meetings."

A handsome stained-glass window to the memory of the late T. Q. Finnis, senior Alderman of the city of London, has been placed in the parish church of Hythe, Kent. The artists are Messrs. Warrington and Co.—The fine five-light east window of St. Michael's Church, Bournemouth, has lately been filled with Munich stained glass, the gift of Miss Durrant, of Bransbend Hall, Norfolk, in memory of her uncle, the late Mr. George Durrant, of Norwich, through whose beneficent acts the church was mainly erected. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland have unanimously approved of the action of the Foreign Missions committee in dismissing Mr. Fish, Professor of English in the institution at Calcutta, and have agreed to reinstate Mr. Wilson as missionary and professor on the staff.—On Monday a number of clergymen were admitted to the Church from other bodies. One of them was the Rev. Dr. Browne, lately a priest, and a professor of metaphysics and theology in the Roman Catholic Church. The Moderator, in his closing address, referred at length to the present state of ecclesiastical affairs in the country, and the work performed by the National Church of Scotland. After an address by the Lord High Commissioner, the assembly joined in saying the last three verses of the 122nd Psalm. The Moderator then pronounced the Benediction, and the proceedings were brought to a close.—The Free Church General Assembly agreed yesterday week by 372 votes to 59 to press the Government for disestablishment and disendowment. The Assembly discussed the land laws, and resolved to ask for legislation on the lines of the Crofters Commissioners' report, and that, in the meantime, the Government should pass an Act suspending evictions in the highlands and islands of Scotland. On Monday it was agreed to petition in favour of the Scottish Universities Bill. Several ministers belonging to other communions were admitted to the Church. On Tuesday Mr. Wood, C.A., submitted the report of the committee on finance, which stated that the funds raised for the different schemes of the Church amounted to £628,222 (exclusive of the widows' and orphans', which amounted to £24,002). It was agreed to petition Parliament to favour the care of public education in Scotland being brought within the functions of the proposed Secretary of State for Scotland. In the evening the Moderator gave the closing address, and appointed the next meeting to be held in Edinburgh on May 21, 1885.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which usually holds its meetings in Belfast, began its annual deliberations on Monday evening in presence of a very large assemblage. The Rev. Maxwell Rodgers, of Londonderry, was unanimously chosen Moderator for the ensuing year. Having taken the chair, the Moderator elect gave a long address, in the course of which he reviewed a variety of subjects connected with the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. The sittings will continue for about ten days.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART.

The Right Honourable Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere, Bart., of Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon, Surrey, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., died on the 29th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was fifth son of Mr. Edward Frere, of Clydach, Llanelly, Brecon, by Mary Anne, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. James Greene, of Turton Tower, in the county of Lancaster. He was educated at Bath, and Haileybury College; entered the Bombay Civil Service in 1834, and, after filling several offices in the Bombay Presidency, succeeded Outram as Resident of Sattara in 1847, and was Chief Commissioner in Scinde 1850 to 1859. He twice received the thanks of Parliament for his services in the Indian Mutiny, was created K.C.B. in 1859, and became a member of the Council of the Governor-General in the same year. He subsequently was acting Financial Minister at Calcutta, Governor of Bombay (1862 to 1867), and member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India 1867 to 1877. In 1872 he went on a special mission to Zanzibar, was sworn of the Privy Council in 1873, accompanied the Prince of Wales to India in 1875, was created a Baronet in 1876, appointed Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa in 1877, and was recalled in 1880. Sir Bartle was President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1872, and twice President of the Royal Asiatic Society. He married, Oct. 10, 1844, Catherine, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir George Arthur, Bart., K.C.H., and leaves four daughters and one son, now Sir Bartle Compton Arthur Frere, second Baronet, born Oct. 24, 1854. The Cape Colony Parliament, on receiving news of the death of Sir Bartle Frere last week, passed a resolution expressing their regret and respect for his memory. The funeral took place in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday. We give a Portrait in this Number.

SIR JOHN ENNIS, BART.

Sir John James Ennis, second Baronet, of Ballinahown Court, county Westmeath, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Athlone, died on the 28th ult. He was born in 1842, the only son of Sir John Ennis, created a Baronet in 1866, and of Anna Maria, his wife, sister of the late Sir Thomas Henry, Chief Magistrate, London. He received his education at Oscott, and Christ Church, Oxford, was High Sheriff of Westmeath in 1866, and succeeded his father in 1878. He died unmarried, and the title consequently becomes extinct. His eldest and only surviving sister, Mary, is wife of O'Donoghue of the Glens, M.P.

MR. OTWAY, Q.C.

Mr. John Hastings Otway, Q.C., A.M., County Court Judge county Antrim, and Recorder of Belfast, died on the 28th ult. He was born, July 28, 1808, the eldest son of the Rev. Cæsar Otway (of the family of Otway, of Castle Otway), by Frances, his wife, daughter and coheir of the Very Rev. James Hastings, Dean of Achonry. He graduated with high honours at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1832. He became Professor of the Law of Personal Property at the King's Inns in 1850, Chairman of the County of Antrim in 1858, and Recorder of Belfast in 1867. He married, in 1833, Mary, sister of Sir Hugh Hill, Judge of the Queen's Bench in England, and leaves issue. Mr. Hastings Otway was an accomplished lawyer and an estimable gentleman.

MR. HINDE PALMER, M.P.

Mr. John Hinde Palmer, Q.C., M.P., died on the 2nd inst., at his residence, St. George's-square, Pimlico, of pleurisy, after a week's illness. Mr. Palmer was born in 1808, was called to the Bar in 1832, was made a Queen's Counsel in 1859, and was elected Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn in 1880. He sat in the House of Commons as Liberal member for the City of Lincoln from December, 1868, to January, 1874, and was again successful at the general election in April, 1880. Mr. Palmer introduced and carried through Parliament several useful amendments of the law.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Canon Bentley, Rector of St. Matthew's, Campfield, Manchester, after a long and painful illness.

Admiral Frederick Henry Hastings Glasse, C.B., a naval officer who served with distinction in the Burmese, China, and Russian wars, on the 25th ult., aged seventy-eight.

Lord Claud Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn, and formerly M.P. for the county of Tyrone, on the 3rd inst., at his residence in Portland-place, in his seventy-first year.

Lieutenant-General Edward Patrick Lynch, her Majesty's Indian Army, of Partry House, in the county of Mayo, Knight of the Lion and Sun, on the 23rd ult., at his seat, near Ballinrobe, in his seventy-fifth year.

The Very Rev. Edward Reginald Mantell, M.A., of Horton Priory, Kent, Rector of Gretford, near Stamford, Prebend of Louth in Lincoln Cathedral, and Dean of Stamford, on the 29th ult., at Parkbury, St. Albans, at the age of eighty-five.

Major-General Augustus Arthur Currie, C.B., H.M. Indian Forces, son of the late Mr. John Currie, M.P. for Hereford, and cousin of Sir Frederick Currie, Bart., on the 23rd ult., aged fifty-three; served in the Indian Mutiny campaign and at the capture of Magdala.

The Rev. Alexander Malcolm Wale, B.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and subsequently for fifty-three years Vicar of Sunning Hill, Berks, on the 26th ult., aged eighty-seven. He graduated at Cambridge second Chancellor's Medallist and sixteenth Wrangler in 1819.

Mary, Dowager Lady Honywood, widow of Sir John Edward Honywood, sixth Baronet, of Evington, Kent, and second daughter of the Rev. Charles Hughes Hallett, of Higham, on the 27th ult., aged sixty-eight. After the death of Sir John Honywood, in 1845, her Ladyship married, secondly, in 1848, Mr. William Clark, of Oswalds, Torquay, and again became a widow in 1849. Her son by her first husband was the late Sir Courtenay Honywood, Bart.

Mr. George William Soltau, of Little Efford, Devon, J.P. and D.L., on the 25th ult., at his seat near Plymouth, aged eighty-two. His eldest son, George William Culme, having assumed, by Royal license, the additional surname and arms of Symons, is the present Mr. Soltau-Symons, of Chaddlewood, High Sheriff of Devonshire, in 1875. The Soltaus were established in England by Mr. Soltau's grandfather, George William Soltau, son of a Burgomaster of Bergedorf.

Mr. Alexander Tweedie, M.D., F.R.S., late of Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, on the 30th ult., at his residence, Bute Lodge, Twickenham, in the ninetieth year of his age. Dr. Tweedie was the author of "Clinical Illustrations of Fever," and "Lectures on Fevers;" he was also editor of the "Library of Medicine," and joint editor of the "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," besides being the contributor of several valuable papers to that work.

THE PARIS SALON.

Including the fifteen *Monuments publics*, under which head are embraced busts and statues in bronze or marble as well as mural paintings, the exhibits this year amount to 4673.

Avoiding for the present the sections of architecture, engraving, and all the other reproductive processes, which are of themselves quite sufficient for a series of articles, were space at our disposal, and confining ourselves to sculpture and painting, we may say of the exhibition, in a general way, that it is up to a fair average as regards both quality and variety, and we cannot too often remind our readers that a "fair average" in the Salon means an art-level unattainable by any other city in Christendom. Every capital in Europe contributes of its best to Paris, and it is Paris which teaches the world how to produce its best.

Last year landscape, on the whole, had the pre-eminence, but this year figure subjects may honestly be said to have recovered their dominant and natural position. It is satisfactory, also, to be able conscientiously to record that there is less of the defiant and merely sensational on the walls, and that the brutal and repulsive is almost entirely absent. Nude subjects, moreover, occur less frequently and with much less blatant assertion than usual, and when they do occur they are endowed with a tenderness and purity quite beautiful to behold. The works of Henner, Bouguereau, J. S. Lefebvre, R. Collin, Royer, Puvis De Chavannes, and several others, testify to this.

The last named might well, in this respect, be an exemplar to students of every school and country. His "Sacred Wood, dear to the Arts and the Muses," is, perhaps, the largest canvas in the exhibition, measuring, as it does, some forty-five feet by twenty, and is one of the most remarkable examples of idealisation that was ever projected upon canvas.

Scattered groups of draped and undraped nymphs, some conversing, some declaiming, while others wander about solitarily communing with their own thoughts, people a meadow beyond which lies a tree-bordered lake which, for its placidity and clearness, might be enchanted. Indeed, the whole scene is that of enchantment. The glow of evening is on the lake, and the crescent moon reflects itself in its golden water. Overhead two spirit forms float beneficently towards the tenants of the happy valley, whose robes, when not white, are suffused with the faintest lilac or the lightest blue, and who move about in a mystic atmosphere of pale grey-green. The scene is purely ideal, and M. Puvis De Chavannes has gone completely out of the ordinary methods of art. His work consequently transcends the ordinary canons of art. In the matter of drawing, for example, he is far from immaculate; and the two forms hovering above the lake, though much better than they were as studies in last year's Salon, are conventional rather than spiritual, wooden rather than graceful. Still many artists regard this composition as the *ne plus ultra* of the painter's craft, both in colour and invention; and, perhaps, considered as mural decoration, they are not far wrong.

We would associate with this work, though quite in another key as to colour, and quite in another mood as to sentiment, Bouguereau's "La Jeunesse de Bacchus," which fronts one on entering the central Salon carré. The air in the "Sacred Wood" of DeChavannes is serene but voiceless, his nymphs pure but bloodless, his very colour sapless and ascetic, and his whole conception sublimed beyond the reach of humanity. Here, on the other hand, Bouguereau, in his "Infancy of Bacchus," brings us back to earth and human nature. A crowd of young men and maidens come bursting through the wood to the sound of double pipes, clashing cymbals, and much joyous shouting; for does not one of them bear on his lusty shoulders the infant Bacchus crowing with the loudest and waving in the air his tiny tambourine, while laughing Silenus on his laborious ass is being helped willingly forward to join in the rustic revelry and mirth.

This is the most important work M. Bouguereau has yet painted, and if readers will turn to his beautiful figure of "La Nuit," now in the Royal Academy, to which special attention was called last year, they will be able, so far as the female form is concerned, to imagine for themselves how sweet and precious is his feeling for colour; but the picture itself must be seen to form an adequate idea of how successfully he has contrasted the fair flesh tints of the women with the duskier tones of the men. It would scarcely be so in outdoor life, perhaps, but this contrast of light and dark, as regards skin luminosity, is very telling from the pictorial point of view. We need scarcely say that the drawing and modelling of every figure in this great picture are as near perfection as it is possible for art to go, and we are glad to be able to add that the colouring is less sugary and more robust than has hitherto been the wont of the master. The attitudes of several of the figures are extreme, but never ungraceful, for in no case has the artist trusted to memory, models in Paris being so thoroughly trained and so apt at seeing what is wanted.

Opposite this hangs another large canvas, somewhat in the manner of Puvis De Chavannes, only not quite so ethereal. It is called "Summer," and represents a bathing party of nymphs on the flowery shore of a lovely lake. There is more regard to drawing here than in the "Sacred Wood," but then it lacks the mystery and witchery of that remarkable work. Still, with the same scheme of colour, Lionel Royer treats us on the landing to a great decorative work representing a rustic family gathered round an old-fashioned well in an orchard. A girl on the left gathers apples, and another offers one to the father, who stands, scythe in hand, the leading feature in the central group. There is a fine open-air effect in this composition, and much simple naturalism in the treatment of the figures. Although grey-green is the prevailing key, there is nothing ascetic in the tone.

These are all important works; and returning to the great square room at the top of the staircase, we would draw attention to the admirable manner in which the hangers have opposed light to dark. On one side the light bright "Summer" of R. Collins; facing it the luminous canvas of Bouguereau; and on the two other opposing sides two pictures of remarkable grimness, both as to subject and colour. The one on the right represents an incident in the War of La Vendée—some grand dames beholding the ghastly remains of the owners of the gutted castle, under whose walls, by a blasted tree, they lie exposed; while in the distance houses of lesser rank are still ablaze, and filling the air with black smoke. The author of this striking work is F. Flameng, and that of its vis-à-vis is Fernand Cormon, whose "Age of Stone" is also one of the remarkable pictures of the exhibition.

A group of some half a dozen skin-clad warriors have laid a great bear at the feet of the patriarch of the tribe, who sits at the mouth of a dark cave-like hut, surrounded by the women and children of the clan, even to the third and fourth generation, and pointing triumphantly to its dead carcase, they, the hunters, seem as if awaiting the approving utterances of their venerable chief. The details of this picture are wonderfully studied, and if savagery was the leading characteristic of the "Age of Stone," we have it here brought home to us with a realism as startling as we feel it is historic.

J. F. R.

RUINS OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, SOUTHWELL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWELL.

The first Bishop of the newly-created See of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, the Right Rev. Dr. Ridding, was enthroned in his Cathedral on Wednesday week. The ceremony was performed by the Archdeacon of Nottingham, the Rev. Canon Maltby. Several hundred clergymen were present, and the Earl of Selborne, Lord Chancellor, father-in-law of the Bishop, the Countess of Selborne, Mr. Beresford Hope, and the Mayors of Nottingham, Derby, and Chesterfield, were among the congregation. The Bishop was received at the western entrance by the Rector and clergy of the Cathedral, and, preceded by choristers singing the "Te Deum," passed up the nave into the choir. The letters patent creating the new see having been read by the Registrar of the Province of Canterbury, a mandate from the Archbishop of Canterbury was read instructing the Archdeacon of Nottingham to install and enthrone Dr. Ridding. The new Bishop, having taken the oath of fidelity, was conducted to and seated in his stall; the Archdeacon saying, "Mayest thou adorn this seat among thy brethren, given thee of God, with justice and with sanctity." The Bishop also took his seat in the episcopal chair, and afterwards preached.

The small town of Southwell, with a population of about 4000, is about sixteen miles from Nottingham. It was a Roman station, and traces of a Roman camp are seen on Burridge Hill. The noble Minster was founded by Paulinus, Archbishop of York, in 627. Its total length is 315 ft., of which the choir occupies 120 ft.; and its breadth in the nave is 59 ft., traversed by eight arches supported by cylindrical pillars 15 ft. in circumference. This church has preserved the nucleus of a cathedral foundation—two Minor Canons, four vicars choral, six choristers, an organist, a verger, and a porter. Daily service has been uninterruptedly maintained, and Southwell was one of the first places where festivals of parochial choirs were held. The nave is a fine specimen of Norman architecture, very perfect; the roof has been lately renewed. The side aisles, triforium, and round clerestory lights are in their original state, except that richly traceried Perpendicular windows took the place of the old Norman lights four hundred years ago. The stone screen at the entrance to the choir is of early fourteenth-century work. The rood loft above is now occupied by the large organ. A representation of the mother of Jesus bearing the body of her crucified son is carved in the stone, over the entrance door, and is flanked by other sculptures of antiquarian interest. On each side of the door are canopied stone stalls, the back of the Dean's being exquisite diaper work. There is a handsome chapter-house, approached from the north side by a cloister, and a beautiful arcade with foliated capitals of plants and flowers. There are stained glass windows, one of "pitchwork" glass, and the east window is very curious, the lower tiers being filled with fine old stained glass taken from the Templars' Chapel in Paris at the Revolution.

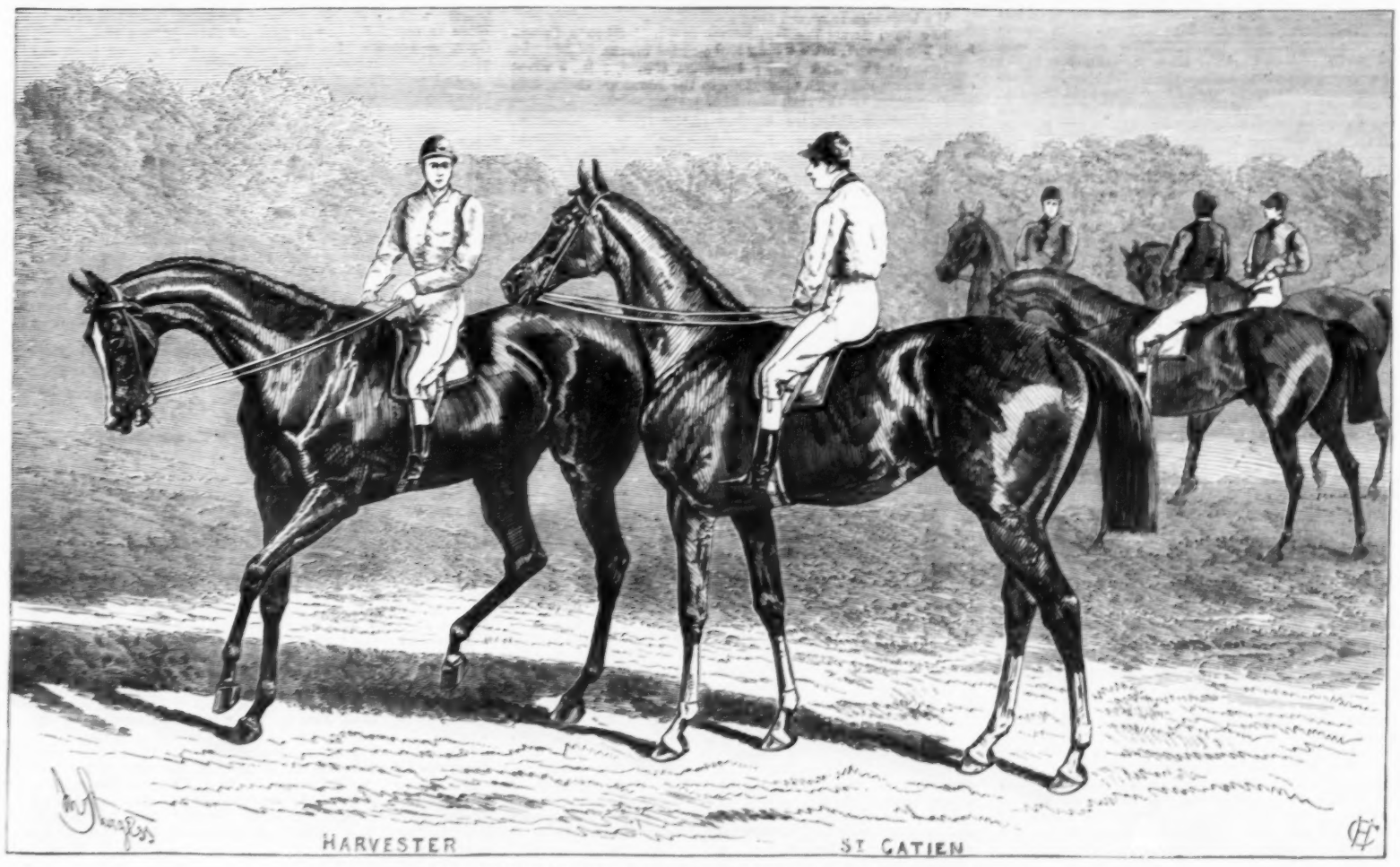
The Archbishops of York formerly had a Palace near the Minster at Southwell. Its ruins, of which we give an Illustration, are picturesque and interesting, mainly of the Decorated Gothic style, but with Perpendicular Gothic windows, fire-places, and chimneys. Among the sculptured armorial bearings are those of Cardinal Kempe, who was Archbishop in the reign of Henry VI., and who bestowed much money on the adornment of this Palace. Archbishop Sandys, who died in 1588, has a tomb in the Minster, now the Cathedral of Southwell.

THE LATE SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., G.C.B.
SEE OBITUARY, PAGE 551.

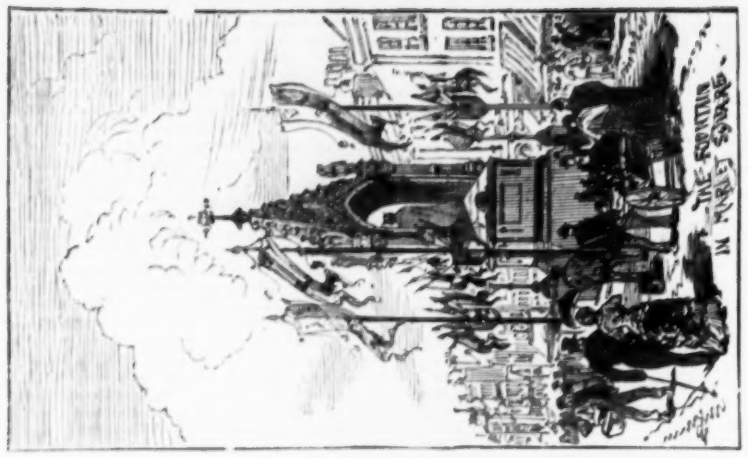
THE DEAD-HEAT FOR THE DERBY.

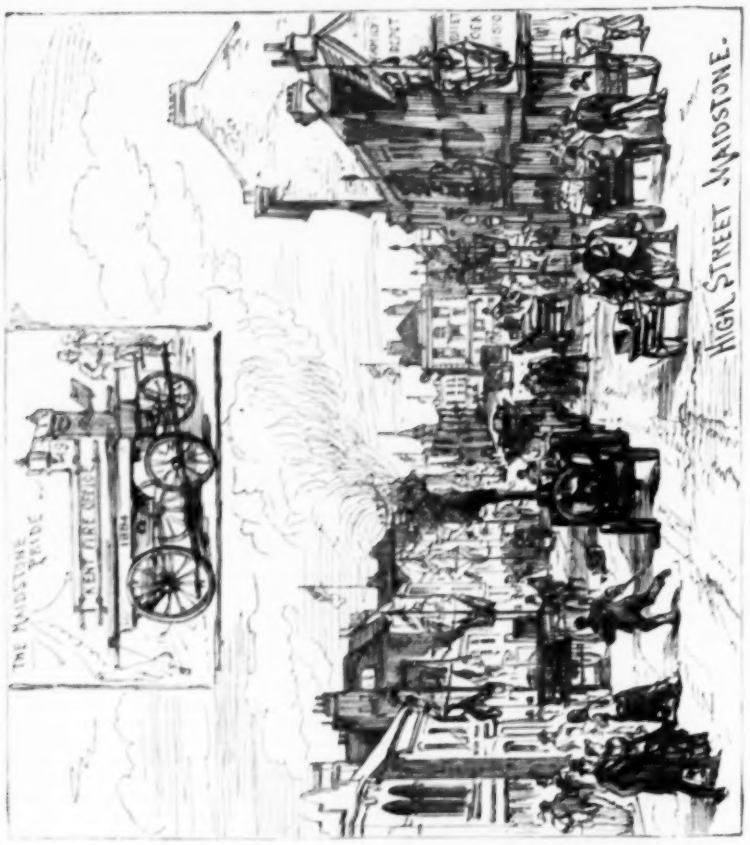
The two horses, Harvester and St. Gatien, which came in together at the race for the Derby, are represented in our Illustration.

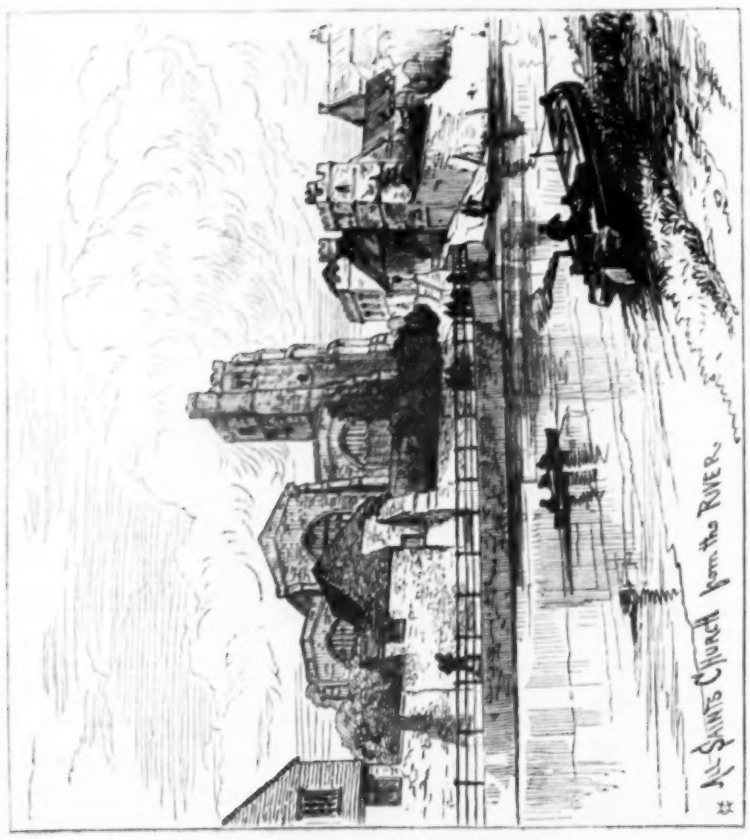
Harvester, by Sterling, the dam Wheatear, ran six times in the colours of his late owner, Lord Falmouth, as a two-year-old, being successful on two occasions. He made his first appearance at the Newmarket July Meeting, when he finished

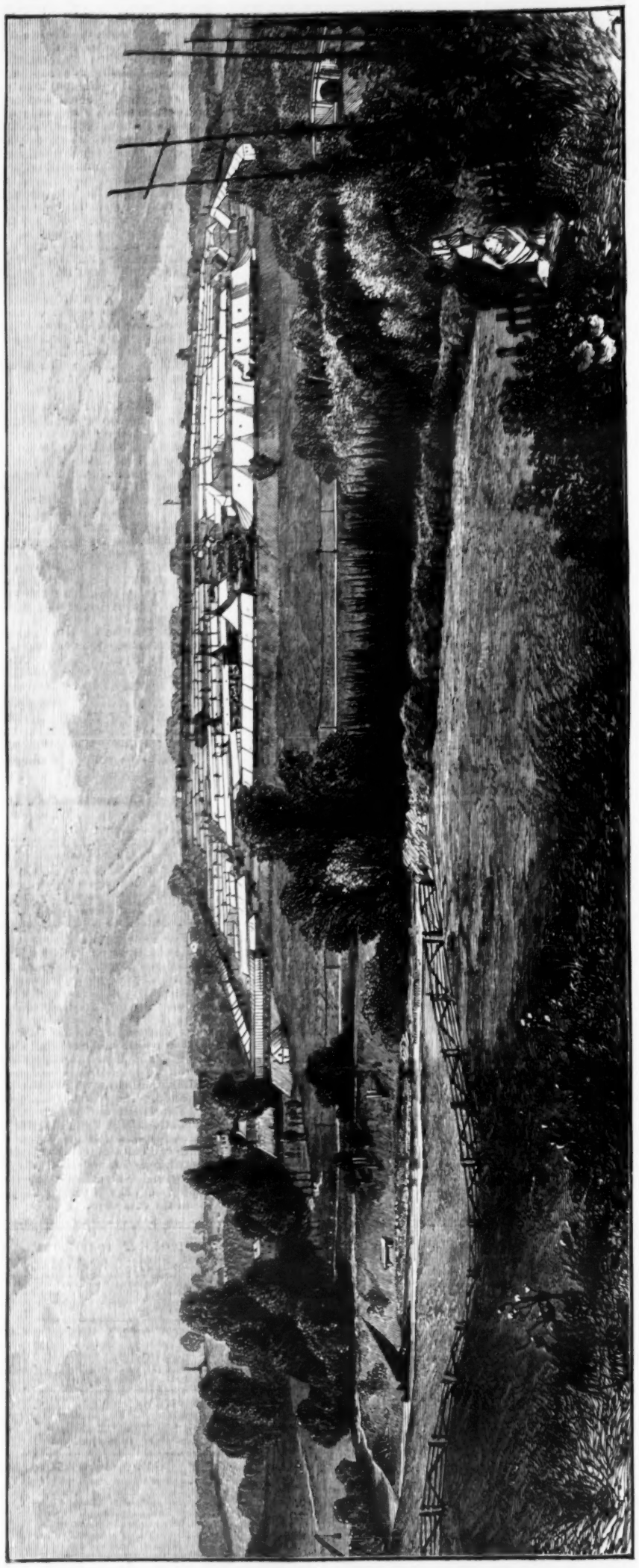


THE DEAD-HEAT FOR THE DERBY: HARVESTER AND ST. GATIEN.









GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW-YARD.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT MAIDSTONE.

second to Superba for the Chesterfield Stakes, but he was unplaced to Duke of Richmond, Brest, and Serge II. in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, while he was among the beaten lot in the Rous Memorial Stakes, won by Superba. At the Newmarket First October Meeting he scored a victory in the Thirty-sixth Triennial Produce Stakes, beating Knight Errant, Kinfauns, and six others, and this feat he followed up by taking the Clearwell Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, but he suffered defeat in the Dewhurst Plate, which was won by Queen Adelaide, Busybody finishing second, Fritz third, and Talisman fourth. He commenced his three-year-old career by carrying Sir J. Willoughby's colours into third place for the Two Thousand at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Scot Free and St. Medard occupying first and second places, and subsequently won the Payne Stakes, in which he beat Scot Free, Brest, and three others.

St. Gatien, by Rotherill or The Rover, the dam St. Editha, ran three times last year, being successful on each occasion, his first victory being achieved in the Teddington Two-Year-Old Plate, at the Kempton Park May Meeting. At the Manchester Summer Meeting he took the John o' Gaunt Plate, and won the Little John Plate at the Nottingham Spring Meeting.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING AT MAIDSTONE.

The oldest of the English Agricultural Societies, the "Bath and West of England," established in 1777, allied itself, some years ago, to a "Southern Counties Association," by the aid of which its operations were extended to Kent and Sussex, "for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, manufactures, and commerce." It held a successful meeting at Brighton, and again at Tunbridge Wells, and this week it has been at Maidstone, opening its show-yard last Monday with collections, both of live stock, and of agricultural implements, machinery, seeds, and samples of produce, superior to any before presented by a provincial exhibition in the Home Counties. The show of cattle, in all classes, was exceedingly good, the entries amounting to 360, and while all the breeds were well represented, the Sussex, Channel Island, and Shorthorn cattle appeared in particularly strong force. There was a fair show of horses and an excellent one of sheep; among the latter the Kentish and Southdowns naturally took the lead in point of numbers. Pigs did not muster so strongly as they have on some occasions; the Berkshires, however, showed up well. The show of poultry was by far the largest the society has ever held, the entries numbering 613. The hop entries numbered no less than sixty-six, which was fifty more than at the Tunbridge Wells Show. Prizes were given for East Kent, Mid Kent, and Weald of Kent Hops. The bee department had special interest, as there were as many as seventy-five entries of bees, honey, hives, and bee appliances. There were 71 compartments for machinery in motion, 384 lineal feet of seed shedding, 4347 lineal feet of ordinary shedding for agricultural implements only, 549 lineal feet of hoarding, shedding for cattle-foods, artificial manures, and the like, and 850 lineal feet of miscellaneous shedding for carriages and articles of general utility, whilst 1364 yards of open space had been taken for greenhouses, hay barns, and other erections. All the leading agricultural firms were represented in the yard, and many of them had also made entries for the exhibition of field implements in the trial fields. The latter comprised an exhibition of silos, several having been specially erected, and of the processes of storing and compressing ensilage. The Horticultural Tent contained a choice display of exotic plants and flowers, arranged with a special view to illustrate the beautiful effects which can be obtained by skilful groupings and combinations of colour. The Picture Gallery was filled with oil and water-colour paintings, contributed by professional and amateur artists in all parts of the kingdom, and there was also an attractive Art Loan Collection of pictures and articles of virtù chiefly lent by residents in the neighbourhood. In the Art Manufactures Building were to be found artistic pottery, bronzes, jewellery, Tunbridge ware, photographs, engravings, and other articles. The show continued till Friday evening, and daily attracted large numbers of visitors, enlivened by the music of the bands of the Royal Engineers and the Royal Marines. On Tuesday the annual meeting of the Society was held in the Council Tent, under the presidency of Lord Holmesdale. The competition of horse-shoeing smiths, on Wednesday, at portable forges in the show-yard, was watched with much interest. The horses and cattle were paraded daily. The Art Union prizes, in connection with this Society, were drawn on Friday afternoon.

We give a general view of the show-yard, which was in a pleasant situation near the town of Maidstone; and some Illustrations of the town, the river Medway, with the old bridge, the fine old Church of All Saints, and remains of the College, and of the scenes in High-street and Market-square, with the festive decorations prepared for this occasion, when there was an opening procession of the municipal and other public bodies, including the Fire Brigade with its engine, the "Maidstone Pride," and accompanied by the steam traction-engines constructed and used in that part of Kent.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, accompanied by Lady Tupper, arrived in the Mersey on Monday from Canada in the Parisian, which also brought over Sir Leonard Tilley, the Canadian Minister of Finance, and Lady Tilley, and the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Minister of the Interior.

WILL OF MR. BASS.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1876), with five codicils (dated July 19, 1878; June 19, July 26, and Dec. 22, 1880; and June 9, 1883), of Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, late of Rangemore House, Staffordshire, who died on April 29 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Sir Michael Arthur Bass, Bart., the son, Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., A.G., and Mr. Henry Evans, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £1,830,000. The testator leaves to his wife £2000 and an annuity of £2000; to his son Sir Michael Arthur Bass all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties in the county of Stafford, including Burton House, Rangemore House, the advowson of St. Paul's, Burton, and the advowson of the church at Rangemore, his freehold estate Napsbury, Hertfordshire, his leasehold house in Eaton-square, and his leasehold shooting-box and moor, Tulchan Lodge, with the furniture, plate, pictures, indoor and outdoor effects, horses, carriages, farming stock, and implements of husbandry, and he appoints to him a sum of £10,000 in settlement. As to his shares in the firm of Bass, Ratcliff, Gretton, and Co., Limited, he leaves one equal moiety to his said son Michael Arthur, and the other moiety, upon trust, for his son Hamar Alfred Bass. The fortunes of his married daughters, Mrs. Plowden and Lady Chetwoode, are raised to £100,000 each; and an annuity of £600 is left, upon trust, for his daughter Miss Mary Arden Bass. He makes up the income of his brother Mr. Abraham Bass with what he has settled upon him to £2000 per annum; and of his sister, Mrs. Frances Fox, with what he has also settled upon her, to £1000 per annum. To his executors, Sir Henry James and Mr. Evans, he bequeaths £1000 each; and legacies to his domestic and household servants, grooms, gamekeepers, and under-gamekeepers, according to length of service; there are also, in addition, special legacies to some of his servants, and a few other bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives two thirds to his son Michael Arthur and one third to his son Hamar Alfred; but out of the share of the latter, £100,000 is settled so that it will go absolutely to his eldest son on his death.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £90 were granted to life-boatmen for services rendered during the past month, and to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. During the present year the institution has contributed by its life-boats and by other means for which it has granted rewards, to the saving of 457 lives, besides assisting to save nine vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £4130 were made on life-boat establishments. Among the contributions recently received by the institution were £600 from Mr. William Nicholson, Mr. John R. Barlow, and Mr. Benjamin A. Dobson, on behalf of the late Miss Clare, of Bolton; and £100 from Mr. Henry Darby, of Derby. A letter was read from the secretary of the International Fisheries Exhibition, stating that the prize of £600 and gold medal offered by the executive council of the exhibition for the best life-boat had been awarded to the boat exhibited by the institution. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Hythe, Walmer, Newport (Pembrokeshire), and Port Eynon; and it was decided to replace the present life-boat at Cullercoats (Northumberland), by a new one.

The Duke of Westminster on Tuesday took charge of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, which assembled at Chester for its annual eight days' training.

Lord Leigh laid, on Wednesday, the foundation-stone of the Jaffray Suburban Hospital, at Gravelly-hill, Birmingham, the gift of Mr. John Jaffray, newspaper proprietor. The building will cost about £10,000, and the endowment to support the institution is £60,000.

Last Saturday morning, the inscription-stone of the new School of Art for Birmingham was laid by Mr. Richard Tangye, who, with his brother, has contributed half the cost of the building, which it is estimated will be £20,000, the remainder being given anonymously. Hitherto the school has been chiefly maintained by private subscriptions, but a clause in the Birmingham Consolidation Act enables the Town Council to make its support chargeable to the free libraries' rate.

Fine weather on Whitsun Monday favoured the holiday-makers, and large numbers availed themselves of the great facilities offered for getting into the country. The parks and commons were all crowded with pleasure-seekers. Places of business were very generally closed. The number of admissions at the Health Exhibition was fifty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-nine; at the Crystal Palace fifty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy; and at the Zoological Gardens twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-eight.—Several Volunteer Corps held field-days. The 3rd Middlesex Artillery, after target practice at Sheerness, were officially inspected. The North Middlesex Rifles, in camp at Ealing, also underwent inspection. The Finsbury Rifles went into camp at Oakleigh Park, and the London Scottish held a field day at Hatfield Park.—A large number of visitors went out to the cyclists' camp at Alexandra Park, where several cycling competitions were decided. In the evening Lord and Lady Ashley distributed the prizes to the winners, and the day concluded, after a torchlight procession, with a gathering round the camp fire.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Rightly or wrongly, there are those holding a leading position in the money market who feel as if further disasters were yet pending. But from what quarter and on what ground no one seems to know. There are, of course, two main sources of possible weakness—namely, America and the East. But as regards the former, every name has been so much canvassed as the result of the recent crisis in American securities that it is not easy to conclude that there is much more to transpire of that origin. The crash which has just taken place in New York has been looked upon as probable for between two and three years, and it is well known that not for many years past have the American bills under discount in this market been so few and small as now. The failure of the Oriental Bank suggests to many minds another possible source of new weakness, and naturally enough, under such circumstances, suspicion rests upon several names of repute in bygone days, but it is very doubtful if the failure of one or all such firms would have any material effect. Their importance before the application of cable telegraphy and the Suez Canal to Indian trade was no doubt great, but their failure to respond to these innovations gradually resulted in their complete insignificance, and nothing done since has revivified them. The withdrawal from business of the Commercial Bank of Alexandria points some inquiring minds to Egypt, and while looking in that direction it is not far to glance also towards Turkey, and even Russia. As with India, so with Eastern Europe, there are some old business houses which have not kept pace with the rapid changes of recent years; but, as regards them, it is certainly beyond question that their affairs are not now such as to make it of consequence what further befalls them. Yet it is probably not safe to speak too confidently as to what is or is not probable even as regards these well-tried directions of business. As to more purely home affairs, so much less is known that it is not easy to say anything, though it must be agreed that there is no sign of weakness. We are thus brought back to this position, that, though all seems safe, no one will act as if safety could be relied upon. Time is the only solver in such cases, and for its beneficent influence all must wait.

In the light of these misgivings it is particularly useful to watch what one company after another finds to be its position as the financial period closes. The experience of several is made known in the course of every week, but without suggesting new sources of weakness. The Bank of British North America, whose shares have of late been weak, have just announced, for the fifth consecutive half-year, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum, and the Trust and Loan of Canada are again to pay the same rate for the past half-year.

Once more the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad is in the hands of a receiver, and, though this time the company's affairs do not seem to be so involved as they were before when a like remedy was resorted to, a fresh shock is thus given to English confidence. Of the many casualties which have marked the recent course of American business affairs this is, happily, the only one which affects English-issued stock. There is, of course, danger that as coupon dates are reached by one or two other companies here, well known difficulties will present themselves. T. S.

Lieut.-General Lord Chelmsford is appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, in place of Lieut.-General C. L. B. Maitland, resigned.

At a meeting of the general purposes committee of the Manchester Town Council last week it was resolved to make a grant of £10,000 towards the cost of constructing the Manchester Ship Canal.

A gold medal has been awarded by the King of Sweden and Norway to Mr. Alexander Mair, master of the British schooner Norseman, in recognition of his humane conduct towards the master and crew of the Swedish steam-ship Atlantic which foundered in the Atlantic on Dec. 15 last.

Lord Aberdare last week laid the foundation-stone of the South Shields public day schools, in connection with the Boys' Day Schools Company, of which his Lordship is the president. The site of the new school comprises four acres, and the buildings, which will cost £3000, will accommodate 200 boys.

On Bank Holiday 120 of the residents of the Homes for Working Girls in London were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Elliott at their residence, Hadley House, Barnet. Dinner and tea were served on the lawn; and the extensive gardens, with the boat on the lake and various outdoor games, afforded the party great enjoyment.

Mr. Sedley Taylor, of Cambridge, presided over the annual gathering of delegates accredited to the Co-operative Congress opened at Derby on Monday, there being an attendance of about 450. Mr. Taylor gave an address on profit-sharing. In the evening there was a conference on co-operative production. The statistical report presented on Tuesday showed that in 1882, the latest year of which complete returns had been received, the sales at co-operative stores exceeded twenty-six and a half millions sterling. The Congress discussed the questions of establishing co-operative manufactories and of the nationalisation of the land. It was stated that co-operation is making rapid strides in France. The announcement was made that one thousand seven hundred pounds of the Thomas Hughes Testimonial Fund had been applied to found a scholarship at Oriel College, Oxford. The next meeting of the Congress will be held at Oldham.

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.
Patron—Her Majesty THE QUEEN.
President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
HEALTH.
Food, Dress, the Dwelling, the School, and the Workshop.
EDUCATION.
Apparatus used in Primary, Technical, and Art Schools.
SPECIAL POPULAR FETE, SATURDAY, MAY 31.
Brilliant Illumination of the Gardens and Buildings with Variegated Lamps and Japanese Lanterns by Mr. James Pain, and with Electric Light.
The Bands of the 1st Regiment of the Belgian Guides (sixty-seven Performers, conducted by Mr. F. Staps, by special permission of his Majesty the King of the Belgians) and the Grenadier Guards (conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey) will play from Three to Ten p.m., when fine in the Gardens, when wet in the Albert Hall. Organ Recital in the Albert Hall, from Three to Four.
The Gardens and Buildings will in the Evening be Illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lanterns, and Electric Light.
OPEN DAILY, from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. Admission, One Shilling on Every Week Day, except on Wednesdays, when it is open till Eleven p.m., and the admission is 2s. 6d.
Season Tickets, price £1 1s., are available for the whole term of the exhibition, and the Closing Ceremony in connection therewith, and admit to the Royal Albert Hall, with the exception of a few reserve days, which will be duly notified. They may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester-street, London-wall; at the Offices of the Exhibition at South Kensington, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.
The Exhibition is within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington and Gloucester-road Stations of the District and Metropolitan Railways.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Messrs. ELSWORTH and KNIGHTON, Agents for this important district, publish a Register of Houses to be Let and Sold, and to be Let Furnished. It will be found a useful guide to those wishing to secure a residence in this healthy and fashionable locality.—Apply at their Offices, 4 and 6, Exhibition-road, S.W.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold Seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

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AN EXHIBITION of OLD SILVER, WATCHES, SNUFF-BOXES, FANS, and other Antiquities, will be held, on behalf of the GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY in the Diocese of London, at 20, Cadogan-square, S.W., (by kind permission of Earl and Countess Cadogan), on TUESDAY, JULY 1, from Three to Seven p.m., and on the three following days, from Twelve to Seven p.m.
ADMISSION, 2s. 6d.
Several interesting contributions have already been promised, and Wilfred Cripps, Esq., has been so good as to undertake to superintend the arrangement and labelling of all the articles. Anyone who is kindly willing to lend suitable articles for exhibition is requested to write to the Lady Helen Stewart, 45, Eaton-square, S.W., giving an exact description of what will be sent, when full particulars will be given as to transmission of the goods; or contributions may be sent at once, or at any time, up to Monday, June 30, inclusive, to Messrs. Elkington, 22, Regent-street, W., who are kind enough to promise to send them to the Exhibition, and afterwards to return them to their owners.
The Committee of Management (of which Lady Helen Stewart is Chairwoman) will communicate with the police, and will take every care of whatever is intrusted to them. All articles will be insured during the time for which they are lent.

DOVERCOURT.—The CLIFF HOTEL, charmingly situated on high cliffs facing the German Ocean. Redecorated and refurnished throughout, and under entirely new management. Beautiful sea promenade and spa, with reading and music rooms. Lawn-tennis courts, billiards, &c. Moderate terms.
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With its perfume rich and rare;
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Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

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For the TEETH and BREATH.
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.
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From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

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For the TEETH and BREATH.
The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline:—"Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."
Mr. G. H. Jones, the eminent Dentist, of 57, Great Russell-street, in his valuable little book on Dentistry, says:—"The use of a good dentifrice is also indispensable, and one of the best preparations for cleansing the teeth and removing the impure secretions of the mouth is the liquid dentifrice called 'Fragrant Floriline,' which is sold by all respectable chemists."
The words "Fragrant Floriline" are a Trade-Mark.
Sold retail everywhere; and wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Her pride could not endure the fact of her suitor being only a farmer's son.

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

CHAPTER XLV.

At Clear Stream Cottage the dinner table was laid after the peculiar fashion that found favour in Mrs. Boyle's eyes. She liked to take her meals as though life were either an eternal picnic, or the commencement of a hurried journey, which necessitated food being swallowed standing and with loins girt.

There was nothing the widow loved better than a raid into the pantry, where "she could eat a mouthful of whatever was going." Next to this delightful proceeding she inclined to upsetting all usual arrangements.

For example, were tea the repast in progress, she immediately thought she should like a slice or two of ham, "as much as would lie on the blade of a knife," and when Ruth added eggs she was wont to say, "The extravagant creature, it's well to be seen she hasn't to pay for all this," and then, under protest, eat what was set before her with a laudable desire of "preventing waste."

Ten days had passed since she was "laid by" with that cold contracted in looking after the interests of her "thankless daughter."

During that period she ordered her household by having her bed-room door set wide, and screaming directions to Ruth along the passage, and when she got better she at once proceeded to find fault with everything which had been done during her illness.

"You're a fine useless pair," she declared, with scorching irony. "If it wasn't for me the house would soon go to wrack and ruin. You'll just make up a stew of that mutton-bone, Ruth, with plenty of potatoes; and oh! but those potatoes are a take in, I'd every bit as soon eat soap; they'll be enough for two; as for me, I only want a cup of tea and a bite of bread. If things go on as they are doing, I suppose I won't be able long to have even that. What's that you are saying, Berna—you'd like a cup of tea, too? Well, you are not going to have tea, Miss; you'll eat and keep up your strength, and give people no cause to say you are breaking your heart because that good-for-nothing Gorman Muir won't have any say to you. I dare be sworn he thinks he is going to get off scot-free, but he will find out his mistake. He forgot he had me to deal with! Ruth, get the dinner as soon as ever you can. Yes, I wouldn't say but you are right, a poached egg might help to keep up my strength; I feel sinking for want of support.

This, then, was the composite meal spread in the only sitting-room Clear Stream Cottage boasted. The fare could not be considered other than plain, but Berna cared little for that. Had there only been quietness therewith, she would have welcomed a much dryer morsel than that savoury stew Ruth had concocted from the mutton-bone.

Mrs. Boyle was in the act of pouring out a cup of tea and Berna helping herself to a portion of the dish in which potatoes played a principal part, when a loud double knock caused the widow almost to drop the pot, while she exclaimed, "Mercy on us! who can that be?"

"It's Mr. and Mrs. Vince," said Ruth, in a whisper, opening the sitting-room door. "They can wait a minute while I whip the dishes out."

"You'll do no such thing," exclaimed Mrs. Boyle. "Let them see for themselves the way we have to live. Maybe it'll shame Richard. Don't stand there like a stock or a stone, but let them in."

"Well, Mr. Vince," she went on, as that gentleman entered the hall; "so you've come at last to take a look at us. Better late than never, you know. Come in; come in, both of you. We were having a morsel of dinner; beggar's dish, that your servants would turn up their noses at, is good enough for poor people like us."

"I am extremely fond of Irish stew," said Mrs. Vince, good-naturedly.

"You're welcome to the whole of it, then. It makes me laugh to think of your eating such food. I can't help thinking of the man's ewe lamb in the Bible."

"Stew is not exactly your ewe lamb, Mrs. Boyle, is it?" asked Mrs. Vince. "We have come to talk about this ewe lamb, though," she added, kindly, laying her hand on Berna's shoulder. "My poor child, what is all this story about Mr. Muir?"

"Ah, what indeed! She may well colour up and be afraid to look you in the face. As if I hadn't trouble enough before, she must bring this disgrace upon me. She'll tell you nothing. She's as secret as the grave; but I am not going to hold my tongue, she may be very sure of that."

"It seems to me a great pity, Mrs. Boyle," said Richard Charles, "that you have not, as you express the matter, held your tongue. A great scandal might, with the exercise of a little prudence, have been averted."

"I suppose you'll tell me next it was my fault Gorman Muir cajoled her into going off with him."

"I am sorry to hear such a version of the affair. I understood deception was practised upon your daughter."

"So it was, the worst of deception. I'll tell you in a minute what the double-faced wretch did," declared Mrs. Boyle, proceeding immediately, and at great length, to explain Gorman's wickedness, Berna's slyness, and her own manifold perfections. Once or twice Mr. Vince shook his head in impatient deprecation of the widow's volubility. No one could edge in a word whilst the stream of her eloquence flowed glibly on. Even Mrs. Vince was unable to stem the torrent, and sat listening in dumb amaze to the utter folly of the widow's talk.

As for Richard Charles, he held his hat in his left hand, occasionally smoothing the nap with his right, in order to soothe a perturbation of mind incapable of removal. That day the world seemed very black to Mr. Vince—the glories of Craigvallen, the satisfactory state of his banking account, the high respect with which many—very many—persons regarded him, the presence of Marcella, daughter of, et cetera, failed to restore his equanimity.

Mrs. Boyle sat in the only armchair the apartment contained; Berna had taken possession of a stool close beside the hearth, her head resting against the black marble mantelpiece, her eyes cast down, her cheeks white, her hands listlessly crossed in her lap, appealing to no one by word or glance, yet hearing perforce her mother's diatribe and then the words of wisdom which, like pearls in the old fairy tale, dropped with slow and measured fall from Mr. Vince's lips.

It was with no good will of his own Richard Charles had driven out to Clear Stream, but he could not wash his hands of Mrs. Boyle and Berna unless he quarrelled with his wife. The seed sown by his cousin had grown apace; while she was still complaining about her head "being stuffed up" and her windpipe closed, to say nothing of a lump in her throat "like an apple," and a "rawness across her chest" that made her "fit to scream every time she drew a breath," the evil crop was springing and ripening. All sorts and conditions of men and women had heard something of the tale—a paragraph had crept into the local papers, which, before Mr. Vince's "attention was called to it," blossomed out into quite a sensational narrative.

Then, indeed, there ensued a bitter time for Richard Charles. Some enemy discoursed, at the length of about a column, on Miss Boyle's position and antecedents. Boyle Court figured in the story, as well as all the Boyles who had ever owned that property; while, on the other side of the house, Berna was described as closely connected with our distinguished townsman, Richard C. Vince, Esq., of Craigvallen. Ulick Boyle's unfortunate marriage, which was stated to have been "romantic," the writer referred to with a covert insolence that stung Richard Charles to the quick; never to mention that Mr. Samuel Vince (a once well-known character) was dug up to do duty as grandfather in the exciting tale.

Mr. Vince almost ground his teeth with rage. This was the last sort of publicity that virtuous man's soul craved.

Thus to be gibbeted with old Sam Vince! thus to be dragged down to the level of the Muirs! to have people stopping him in the streets in order to commiserate Miss Boyle and ask for further particulars! to know those who did not love him had got hold of a story they would never let die—a story which might crop up at any after time, and injure his own girls' prosperity when they arrived at a marriageable age—the thing was awful. Why, why had he ever listened to the voice of Marcella his wife—why had he ever taken Clear Stream Cottage for her? Why had he not insisted either on cutting Mrs. Boyle altogether, or sending her off to Dublin or Liverpool? Why——

"Richard," said Mrs. Vince, when his musings had reached this agonised point, "we must go to Clear Stream and see this poor girl. If ever in her life she needed a friend, she needs one now."

Then Richard Charles swore as great an oath as such a man ever could swear that he would not go one step to Dunlonald, and that neither should his wife. If Miss Boyle had so far lost all sense of decency as to run off with a man, why she must take the consequences.

"That she shall not alone," said Mrs. Vince.

"Marcella," replied her husband, "you forget yourself strangely."

Marcella swept across the library, where this conversation took place. She was a portly woman, as has been already mentioned—a woman with a presence. "Mr. Vince," she said, laying one white hand flat on the table.

She did not speak another word—she only looked at him, but that was enough. He knew the hour had come when he must either fight or submit. He chose the wiser course, and—submitted.

"You shall not go without me," he said, after an eloquent silence. "My judgment is opposed to mixing ourselves up in the matter; still, I am willing to do what I can to hush up so great a scandal."

Mr. Vince had quite made up his mind the best thing to do was to marry Berna to Gorman, and ship husband, wife, and mother off to some distant colony.

"I shall not hesitate to write a cheque for a handsome amount to compass such an end," he declared.

"I am afraid a cheque will not be of much use," said Mrs. Vince.

"A cheque must always be of use," replied Mr. Vince, with conviction.

"It is necessary for you now," he summed up at last, addressing his youthful kinswoman, "to adopt one of two courses. We cannot undo the past; so we ought to try to make the best of it. I do not wish to say anything harsh, but it is impossible for us to blind ourselves to the fact that this scandal will most seriously affect your reputation; and you cannot repair it except by marriage or a criminal prosecution. Marriage seems to me the true solution of the difficulty. I certainly consider Mr. Muir ought to marry you, and that you ought to marry Mr. Muir.

Berna did not move or speak—she scarcely seemed to breathe.

"Which shall it be?" asked Richard Charles, vainly trying to import an accent of persuasion into his tone.

Still Berna made no reply.

"Why don't you answer your cousin?" cried Mrs. Boyle, querulously. "He's your own first cousin once removed, and you can't get over that; though you may consider your relations on the mother's side scarcely good enough to look at."

Apparently, Berna did not consider her relations on the mother's side at all good enough to look at, for, without casting her eyes towards Mr. Vince, she said distinctly—

"I shall not marry Mr. Gorman Muir; and I shall not prosecute him."

"But you must do one or the other."

"Why must I? As I told you before, I have no complaint to make against Mr. Muir, and if I had I should not make it."

"Did ever anybody hear to the like?" demanded Mrs. Boyle, grasping the elbows of her chair with both hands, and raising herself into a sitting attitude. "Here's a girl enticed away in the dead of a winter's night, with nothing on her but a plaid shawl and an old crape bonnet, and taken away to the uttermost parts of the earth, and she says she has no cause of complaint against the deceiving wretch has brought sorrow and ruin upon her."

Berna compressed her lips, but spoke never a word.

"Without going quite so far as that, Mrs. Boyle," replied Mr. Vince, "I may say it is a most serious matter, as your daughter will probably find to her cost ere long."

"She has already," interposed the irrepressible widow. "It only happened ten days ago, and yesterday morning she had a letter from Mrs. Admiral Crane, saying she couldn't think of having a girl that had got into such trouble living under the same roof with herself. Ever since I've been at her. I was hoarse enough before; but I'm worse now. If I'd been well I'd have gone up to Mr. Garnsey and asked him to send a constable to take that thief of the world off to prison. I know right well what the end of it will be. She'll let him get clear out of the country and then turn round and blame us all for not having justice done to her."

With a sort of dumb appeal Berna raised her eyes to Mr. Vince.

"My own opinion, Mrs. Boyle," he said, answering the girl's look, "is that the true solution of the difficulty is conciliation, not revenge. I have seen the young man. He called upon me—called at Craigvallen, in fact; and I must confess, expressed himself with great propriety. I consider Mr. Gorman Muir," here Richard Charles turned to Berna, "so far as personal appearance and outward manner are concerned, a far from objectionable person. Away from here—he would—ah!—pass muster very fairly in ordinary society—Mrs. Vince agrees with me. Am not I correct, Marcella?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Mrs. Vince, briskly. "I was quite taken with him, Berna. So sorry for his mad freak; so devoted to you! So handsome, so audacious, so gallant. I declare I felt more than half inclined to fall in love with him myself."

"There are some subjects, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Vince, "about which it is not well to joke. I consider this a very serious matter—very serious indeed."

"He'll find it so before I'm done with him," remarked Mrs. Boyle. "It'll not be one thousand pounds, or two thousand, he'll get off with, I can tell him."

"Money will not patch up a woman's reputation," said Mr. Vince, sententiously.

"Isn't that the very thing I've been saying to Berna? Ah! as I told her, she thought she was a made girl when she enticed Gorman Muir to take notice of her; but she'll find the difference now everybody's crying shame on her for going off with a man old enough to be her father."

"Mrs. Boyle, if you cannot discuss this unhappy affair in a reasonable and proper manner, I must decline to interfere in it."

"I never asked you to interfere. I can manage my own concerns for myself. I don't want any help or advice; and as for letting Berna marry such a man, even if she was old enough to marry him, which she isn't, I would sooner see her in her coffin."

"Oh, Mrs. Boyle, don't say that," entreated Mrs. Vince.

"I shall say it. I'll say what I choose, without your leave, asked or granted. Do you think, because you are a few years older than me, I am only to speak at your bidding? You don't know Gorman Muir as I do. You don't understand the handful I have got in Berna."

"What we do understand," said Mr. Vince, rising, "is that you are amenable neither to sense nor reason, and that the less we have to do with you the better. You were not remarkable for discretion when you were young, and you have certainly not gained wisdom with years."

"Other people, perhaps, though rich, are no wiser than I am," retorted Mrs. Boyle. "Besides, as you know, I was always a spoiled child."

"I know nothing about that," replied Mr. Vince; "all I know now is you are a very foolish old woman. Come, Marcella, we are only wasting our time here"—and, with a hard, set face and a defiant mien, Mr. Vince stalked out of the room, followed by an indignant wail from Mrs. Boyle of "Old woman, indeed!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

The year 1851 had gone out as calmly and prosaically as year could depart. A dull, damp autumn was followed by a green Christmas and fat churchyards. It was a season which in some insidious fashion brought death to many, illness to most, and low spirits to all. Even the Dowager Mrs. Boyle—Mrs. Boyle par excellence—who had a strong will, and a marvellous power of asserting it, waxed weak under the burden of such mild weather, and, troubled with a nasty cough, kept the house, whilst her sleek carriage horses ate their heads off in a roomy stable, and Forbes, her young coachman, who was only seventy years of age, enjoyed a compulsory holiday—as little to his taste as to that of the lady he served.

Mrs. Boyle was bored to death. She had long been bored; but at that particular time she felt more bored than ever. Life was not turning out as she had expected; and when a human being has passed four score, and found so far the whole game of existence a losing one, it is most unlikely that at the eleventh hour he or she will get dealt out such a hand of trumps as can compensate for the poor or unavailable cards Fate was pleased to accord previously. Married while quite young—still in her early teens—to a man she loved; rich, beautiful, well born. What girl ever started with fairer prospects?

But on her wedding she was not half matured, and when at nineteen death struck down a husband she adored, her real character was still undeveloped. At first, wellnigh inconsolable, for the sake of her son and daughter, the young widow took up the burden of living, and bore it bravely.

She never married again. If she could have loved a second husband much, she loved liberty and power more. With a wisdom and liberality rare in women even now—but rarer by far at that time—she ruled her household, governed her children, and managed the estate.

For a while suitors came to her, but at last even the most importunate left this exceptional widow in peace. She was not one of those women who keep their lovers as friends. Even had she been thus inclined, she was far too great a prize for a man to realise he should never possess with much equanimity.

"You do not refuse me because you loved your husband to distraction," said one smarting under the bitterness of a refusal, "but because you are devoted to yourself." There was an enormous amount of truth in this remark, and as the years went by it was a truth which became more and more patent. Mrs. Boyle was a good mistress, a liberal landlord, a stanch friend, but beyond everything she was a grand lady. Whatever or whoever else she might forgot, Felicia Boyle was always remembered. Even in her earlier womanhood she adopted a style of dress which might have befitted some countess in the days when persons of condition wore clothing it would have been accounted sin for the commonalty to copy.

All through the district she was called, before she had counted thirty summers, Lady Boyle or Madame Boyle—Mrs. Boyle, never. She accounted herself a very great woman. She had been presented at Court. She had tripped stately minuets, and danced with Dukes and Ambassadors, and all the fine gentlemen of whom London, no doubt with reason, once felt so proud. She never gave up what she called her connection. "I have a daughter coming on," she said. "I shall have to find a suitable alliance for my son. It will not do for me, meantime, to lead the life of a recluse."

Which was all very well; only ill-natured people were not slow to remark that, after her daughter's death—after her son had chosen a wife for himself—the Dowager kept up her state more determinedly than ever. In high dudgeon, the deposed Queen left Boyle Court, and repaired to Bath—then at the zenith of its reputation—where she dwelt after a sort of monarch-out-of-business fashion; while her grandson was growing, as she fondly hoped, in comeliness and grace. Through him she trusted to gain the happiness her own son, with his prosaic and utterly unobjectionable marriage, had deferred. Everything, we are falsely told, comes to him who waits. Madame Boyle utterly believed, if she only waited, she should see some male belonging to her cutting a distinguished figure in politics, the army, or the navy.

"There is no other profession for a *Gentleman*," she was wont to say, and Ulick proved so entirely of her opinion that, carrying his practice a little further than her theory, he decided to enter no profession at all.

Why should he? The heir to Boyle Court lacked no manner of thing that was good, and his grandmother, who, clever though she might be, had vague ideas on the subject of diplomacy, not merely supplied him with far more money than she ought to have done, but held firmly to the delusion that Ulick would settle down ere long, and get into Parliament, and be Prime Minister before he was fifty.

Once again her hopes were doomed to disappointment. His ill-starred marriage shattered the fairest and fondest delusion of her life. Having chosen such a wife, Ulick Boyle was doomed. Anything else might have been remediable, but not Milly Vince. This awful misfortune—this terrible disgrace—caused the Dowager to bow her head and refuse to be comforted.

Still, though the tree was stricken, the roots had life, and, in time, around the bare trunk of dead hopes and disappointed ambitions there sprang up suckers green and full of promise, that had this time for sap the future of a young and capable girl.

"I will train her," thought the Dowager; "I will take and make her my own. She shall come out early, and marry soon. She shall be the mother of future statesmen. We will go to London, and mix with the best society in the metropolis."

The end of that scheme was the text upon which Ulick Boyle's widow preached many a lengthy sermon to Berna. It caused the Dowager also to consider "all is vanity."

"All my life long," she thought, "I have been planning for others, and no single project has ripened to maturity. I will plan no more. Herbert and his wife must manage without me. I will never take an interest in or care for any other human being."

Which was all very well—only she had always cared for Berna, and cared for her still—cared, despite the way "that foolish, foolish girl" clung to her "wretched mother"—spite of the scandal in which she had got herself involved.

"It is a sad business," was the only comment she made to Sir Herbert, who undertook to break the news; "but I can do nothing. When the silly child elected to cast in her lot with her mother's dreadful connection, of course I was obliged to cease all intercourse. If she ever really wants our help she will write."

The Dowager expected Berna to write, though perhaps she might not have answered quite graciously had the girl done so. Day after day, week after week, she waited, but Berna made no sign; and then the dull Christmas weather came and a green, unhealthy New Year; and the Dowager decided life was a great mistake, and that Bath was a most undesirable place in which to reside. "Eight women to one man," she thought; "why do I stay amongst those women? Bath is not what it used to be. When I get a little better I will consider the question of taking up my residence in London, where I can mix with my kind. I do not desire the society of widows and invalids; and really Herbert and his wife, who *will* come over to stay, weary me to death—oh! that poor girl; that poor, stupid, ridiculous, mistaken girl!"

One day the Dowager felt more bored and more low than usual. She had given orders she was not at home to anyone but the Doctor, and she therefore expressed a considerable amount of indignant surprise when her maid presented her with a card bearing the name of Gorman Muir, and asked if she could see the gentleman.

"Why, you know how ill I am!" she exclaimed.

"Burton told Mr. Muir you had a severe cold, Ma'am; but he said so earnestly he wished to speak with you on particular business, Burton thought I had perhaps better bring up his card."

"Burton is an idiot, and so are you. What is the man like?"

"He is young and handsome, and"——

"Do you suppose I care about his age and looks? That is not what I want to know. Is he a farmer, or farrier, or what?"

"He looks as grand a gentleman, Ma'am, as Sir Herbert himself. Burton says he is the image of Colonel Fortescue, who was reckoned the handsomest officer in the army, when"——

"Now, Heaven grant me patience!" exclaimed the Dowager. "Show the man up. Just give me that shawl to wrap round my shoulders, the room is chilly." Having invented which pleasant fiction, the old lady wound a square of exquisite white lace about her throat, and, with a touch of her former coquetry, smoothed back her snowy hair to receive the man she most desired to see—the man she least expected would ever have come to see her.

Yes; he was handsome—more than handsome. "Sir Herbert himself" could not be accounted one half so good-looking. For a second the Dowager paused, surprised, then, glancing at his card, she said, a little insolently, "You are this person—Mr. Muir—I conclude."

"I am Gorman Muir, Madam," he answered. "The person whose name you may have heard mentioned in connection with Miss Boyle."

"I think I have," agreed Berna's great-grandmother, slowly, casting down her eyes and considering what she ought to do next.

Gorman looked the ancient lady over; looked at the white hair brushed back from her face; the Marie Stuart cap, of richest lace; the delicate fingers, glittering with costly rings; the thick, costly black silk, which fell in heavy folds around her stately figure; at the clear-cut, haughty features; the piercing, dark eyes; the set mouth; the room furnished with a lavish luxury, and thanked God he had come to beg no favour for himself—that the resolution formed before he left Ireland was one everything he saw tended to confirm rather than shake.

"Pray be seated, Sir?" said the Dowager at length, waving her jewelled hand with a stiff and stately courtesy.

"I will not detain you long," answered Gorman, availing himself of the proffered chair. "What I wanted to say, is, first, that I and I alone am the only person entitled to blame throughout this wretched affair. Though I believed, and still believe, Miss Boyle was once not wholly indifferent to me, I desire to state that never, by word, or look, or sign, did she give the smallest encouragement to my pretensions."

The Dowager inclined her head.

"It gratifies me, Mr. Muir," she answered, "to hear you make so just and necessary an admission. At the same time, I must remark that, so far as I am aware, none of Miss Boyle's relatives ever supposed she looked with the smallest favour on your advances."

Gorman bit his lip; and then, in a tone as scornfully polite as the Dowager's own, replied,

"It is so extremely difficult to tell what relatives may or may not think, I considered it quite as well to let you know Miss Boyle's disdain for me equalled your own."

"Yet you say she once—how shall I express myself?—cared for you."

"I am sure she did. Before she knew I was Gorman Muir, and a struggling man, her young fancy went out to meet my devotion, or, since the beginning of time, all lovers have been wrong in their intuitions. In her nature, however, there is one passion stronger than tenderness, one passion strong and cruel."

"And that is?"

"Pride; and that passion could not endure the fact of her suitor being only a farmer's son."

For a moment Mrs. Boyle paused; it seemed to her so impossible this suitor with his high bred courtesy, his mellow voice, his charming accent, his splendid figure, gallant bearing and handsome face, was "only a farmer's son;" she was forced to try to gather her wits together before she said,

"I should be loth, Mr. Muir, to speak a word likely to wound you; but I find it necessary to ask whether you consider Miss Boyle's feeling wholly unnatural? Remember, that while putting this question I quite recognise the personal advantages you possess, and am quite willing to believe your mental gifts are equally great."

"Thank you for a far too flattering estimate of a very commonplace man. Yet, though commonplace, I am a man; and, because I am one, venture to say if we are to talk at all I should like to talk to you on an equal footing, and without any fear of giving offence."

"So far, Mr. Muir," said the Dowager, "you have shown me no necessity for talking at all; but if we are to talk, you can certainly do so freely. Should I find anything you say offend me, I shall not hesitate to stop you at once."

Without waiting for a second, Gorman took his heart in his hand, and, never considering diamonds, or lace, or rank, or pride, or any other small item, answered—

"Naturally, a man who loves a woman regards her as standing on a higher level than his own; *but* I fail to see why Miss Boyle should have considered my father on a lower level than her own mother."

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Arithmetic," is the title of a duettino for equal voices (or for chorus) by M. Gounod, published by Metzler and Co. It is a pleasing piece of melodious two-part writing, simple yet expressive.

Messrs. Metzler and Co.'s recent publications include some vocal pieces that will be widely acceptable. Among them are "Our Letters,"' a charming duettino for equal voices (or for two-part chorus), by Gounod; "Sing to me," a pretty ballad, composed by Lady Arthur Hill, to words by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire; "Household Words," a pleasing song by Cotsford Dick; and others by Caroline Lowthian, A. J. Caldicott, F. Rivenhall, and W. A. Aiken, entitled, respectively, "Sunshine," "Unbidden," "Lingering Fancies," and "Love must make or mar"—all melodious and free from executive difficulties. Some pianoforte pieces issued by Messrs. Metzler and Co. deserve mention—among them being "Three Melodious Sketches," by E. Woycke, well deserving their title; a lively "Pas des Pierrots," by H. Clendon; and a spirited Quick March, entitled "Die Fussgarde," by A. Volkmer.

The "Piano Album," published in numbers by Mr. J. Williams, of Berners-street, is a valuable as well as a cheap work. The two parts now before us contain the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Three Musical Sketches" op. 10, "Capriccio" op. 2, "Scherzo" op. 27, six Studies op. 11, and two Studies op. 29—charming pieces that are now placed within the reach of the poorest student.

Six Duets for Soprano and Contralto, composed by Florian Pascal—published by Mr. Joseph Williams—are settings of lines from some of the English poets, ancient and modern. The vocal writing is smooth and melodious, and the pianoforte accompaniments are varied and have a distinct character. These duets should find large acceptance in drawing-room circles.

Messrs. Weekes and Co. issue "The King's Cavalier," a characteristic song by C. T. Speer; "Fond Memories," a sentimental song by the same; "Song of the Sirens" (duet for two ladies' voices), from the "Tale of Troy," a clever setting, by Malcolm Lawson, of words translated from Homer; and some pleasing pianoforte music, among which are:—"A Patrol," a spirited march by O. Cramer; a graceful and brilliant "Nocturne-Caprice," by F. D'Alquen; a "Fantasie-Brillante" (answering to its title), by C. T. West; and an effective transcription, by B. Tours, of Bach's expressive air, "My heart ever faithful."

"Choral Primer and Sight-Singing Exercise-Book," by Samuel Weekes, Mus. Bac.—published by Messrs. Weekes and Co.—is a valuable and inexpensive guide to part-singing that cannot fail to be serviceable both to teachers and pupils.

"Lament on the Death of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany," composed for the pianoforte by Lillie Albrecht (Duncan Davison and Co.). This new piece is by the clever lady pianist whose compositions have frequently found favourable notice. It is expressive, although simple in its main theme, which is first given out plainly, and afterwards with more extended harmonic treatment.

Eisoldt's new method for beginners on the pianoforte, published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., is a concise yet ample introduction to the acquirement of time, tone, and touch; the exercises and explanations being well calculated for the intended purpose.

Twenty melodies, by F. Paolo Tosti (Ricordi). This is a collection of vocal pieces with pianoforte accompaniment, by one of the successful song composers of the day. There is diversity of character, although the sentimental style prevails. The writing for the voice has all the suavity of the Italian school, and the songs will be as pleasant to sing as to hear. The Italian words are underlined with English text.

"Inclusions." Song. By Annette Leigh Hunt. (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.) This is a very graceful and melodious setting, by one lady, of some expressive lines by another; the words being by Mrs. Browning. The tender sentiment of the poetess has been well reflected by the composer, and the result is a song of much charm, and one which offers no difficulties to the singer.

"Gondoliera" is a setting, by Miss Carmichael, of words by Geibel—with the original text and an English translation. The music is in true barcarolle style, in six-eight time, the melody being of a flowing and tuneful character. The same publishers, Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., also issue two pleasing and well-written "Sketches" for the pianoforte, by Dora E. Bright. The first is animated in style and varied in treatment; the second, being an "Andante" in notturno style, with a florid accompaniment. Besides being agreeable compositions, they are serviceable as studies, the leading passages being fingered.

"The Silent Keys," by Ciro Pinsuti (Enoch and Sons), is a sentimental song, in which the composer has well expressed some tender lines by Hugh Conway, apostrophising the keys of the instrument in a lament for the departed player. The song has altogether much charm. Among other pleasing songs from the same publishers are "Roses all the way," by J. L. Roeckel; and "Unforgotten," by B. Tours.

"Reverie," for the pianoforte, by E. Parsons (H. Klein), is an effective piece, with a prominent melody, which is agreeably treated with arpeggio accompaniments, forming good practice for both hands.

"How to Excel in Singing and Elocution," by Jessie Murray-Clark (Cramer and Co.) This is a little manual for lady students, in which much useful information is comprised in a small compass. The authoress has, apparently, profited by the study of the important works of Mr. Lennox Browne, Herr Behnke, and other authorities; and her handbook may be commended as a primer introductory thereto.

Handel's "Messiah," edited by G. A. Macfarren: The London Music Publishing Company. This is a new edition of Handel's sacred masterpiece—in vocal score with pianoforte accompaniment—with an historical and analytical preface full of valuable and interesting matter. The editor's knowledge and research throw light on many points that have hitherto been doubtful or misunderstood. The volume forms the first of an intended series, entitled "The Performing Edition of Standard Oratorios and Cantatas." Under such able editorship, and brought out at low prices, the series can scarcely fail to be largely successful.

"Saturday Night," by E. P. Cockram—"Flowers that never die," and "Stars of the Summer Night," by E. Lassen—and "A Lost Chord," by Annie E. Armstrong, are songs of much merit, being flowing and melodious in style, and lying within a moderate compass of voice. They are published by Mr. W. Czerny, from whom we have, also, some bright pianoforte pieces—"Uarda," a set of waltzes by P. von Tugginer; "Trois Petites Esquisses," by G. Bachmann—and in a more serious style, the "Allegretto Moderato," from Handel's sonata in A, for violin or flute, well arranged, with pianoforte accompaniment, by D. Brocca, and the very characteristic "Tambourin favori sous Louis XV.," by Oscar Wagner.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

I. G (Dinan).—A very beautiful problem, but it has been frequently published, and is well known to students.

J H S (Liverpool).—Your problem can be solved, we fancy, by 1. Kt to K R 8th. In any case, the theme is too simple for our readers.

F M (Cambridge).—Amendment noted. It is a pretty conception, and is worth all the pains you bestow upon it.

E B (Oxford).—Correct, of course, and in the most difficult variation too. You surely would not attribute your power of perception to an accident.

Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2984, 2985, and 2986 received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2991 from Adolph Pick (Santa Barbara, U.S.A.); of No. 2993 from Conger; of No. 2994 from J A B, G H (Highgate), Conger, W B C Treasure, Captain Bedock, and Fluela; of No. 2995 from E J Posno (Haarlem), Rev. W. Anderson, W B C Treasure, Fluela, and G M (H.M.S. Temeraire).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2996 received from E L G, Shadforth, C S Cole, Jupiter Junior, S Lowndes, G S Oldfield, H K Awdry, G W Law, L L Greenaway, R Ingersoll, M O'Halloran, R Gray, N H Mullen, R L Southwell, M Tipping, C W Milsom, W Hillier, T H Holdron, James Pilkington, Henry Springthorpe, S Bullen, L Falcon (Antwerp), D W Kell, J G Anstee, H H Noyes, E Featherstone, L Wyman, W Dewse, N S Harris, Joseph Ainsworth, E Casella (Paris), S Farrant, B R Wood, W J Rudman, F G Parsloe, Aaron Harper, H Wardell, Otto Fulder (Ghent), A W Scrutton, H Reeve, H Wardle, R Robinson, An Old Hand, Ben Nevis, B L Dyke, A M Colborne, A C Hunt, E Louden, T Brandreth, G H (Highgate), T Gaffahin Junior, George Joicey, F M (Edinburgh), J R (Edinburgh), J A Schmucke, J K (South Hampstead), A Bruin (Stroud-green), G M Webber, W B C Treasure, Rev W Anderson, F and G Howitt (Norwich), Dr F St, W F R (Swansea), Fluela, R H Brooks, and C B N (H.M.S. Asia).

Note.—Owing to the Whitsuntide holidays, only solutions received up to the 26th ult. are acknowledged in the present Number.

Solution of Problem No. 2995.

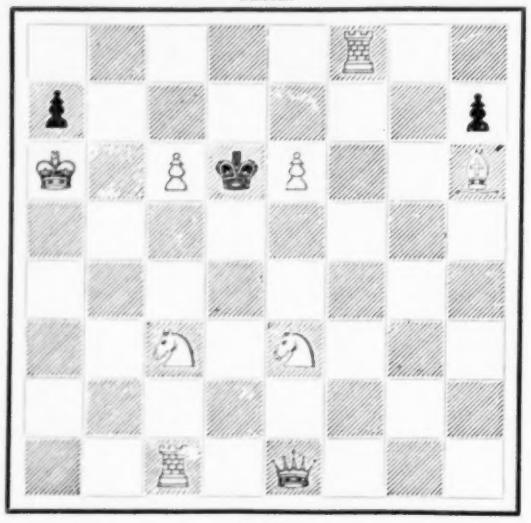
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 7th	K to R 4th
2. R to R 6th	K to B 4th
3. Q takes P. Mate.	

The variations should present no difficulty to the student.

PROBLEM No. 2998.

By William Finlayson (Florence).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A fine Game played at the Liverpool Chess Club, in the competition for the Silver Challenge Cup, between the Rev. John Owen and Mr. A. Burn. The notes appended are by Mr. Burn.

(*Queen's Fianchetto.*)

WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to K 3rd
2. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd
3. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd
7. Castles	Castles.
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 4th
10. Q to K 2nd	

Scarcely so good as 10. R to K sq, or to R to Q B sq.

10.	R to K sq
11. P takes Q P	K P takes P
12. B to Q Kt 5th	R to K 2nd
13. Q R to Q sq	

13. R to Q B sq is better.

13.	P to Q R 3rd
14. B to Q 3rd	Q to Q B 2nd
15. P to Kt 3rd	Q to Q B 3rd
16. R to B sq	P to K Kt 3rd

White threatened 17. Q P takes P and 18. Kt to K B 5th.

17. Kt to R 4th	

A mistake which gives Black an immediate advantage in position.

17.	P to Q B 5th
18. B to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 4th
19. P to K Kt 4th	

Losing time, and enabling Black to make an important move. White, however, has a bad game, and it is difficult to indicate his best course. 19. Q to K B 3rd would probably have been replied to by 19. Q to Q Kt 3rd.

19.	P to Q Kt 5th
20. P to K Kt 5th	Kt to K sq
21. P takes P	P takes P
22. P to K 4th	P to B 6th
23. B to K sq	B to B 5th
24. Kt (R 4th) to B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
25. B takes P	P takes B
26. R takes P	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
27. K to R sq	B takes Kt

Good enough to win, but not the best line of play, as Black gives up his two well-posted Bishops for two pieces which are, comparatively, out of play. 27. Kt to Q 3rd would probably have equally won the Pawn besides keeping up the attack.

28. Q takes B	B takes P
29. B takes B	R takes B
30. R to K Kt sq	Q to B 5th
31. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
32. P to K R 3rd	Q R to K sq
33. R to K Kt 3rd	R to K 7th
34. Q to Q R 4th	R takes B P
35. Q takes Kt	Q takes R,

and White resigned.

The following neat position, by C. W. (Copenhagen), is quoted from the *National-tidende*:—

White: K at K 4th, R at Q R 7th, Kt at Q Kt 3rd, B at Q R 3rd; Pawn at Q R 6th. (Five pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 3rd. (One piece.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Skipworth, which we commend to the attention of English chessplayers:—

Dear Sir,—In response to my letter which you were good enough to print a few weeks ago, it seems to be the general feeling not to have an entirely open class in connection with this society, but rather that British amateurs *only* should be allowed to compete for its prizes and honours. While, then, I must acquiesce in the general verdict, there is still no reason against an open annual and really national contest being held in London. My concern, however, for the present, is for the Counties' Chess Association, which is to hold its next meeting in Bath, during the week commencing Monday, July 28, 1884, and I would now venture to appeal to all British amateurs to support the Association, which seems especially to belong to them. I ask all who are not already amongst its members to help by a small subscription of 5s. each, and I promise to each in return a report of the society's meeting, giving a list of the persons present, the names of subscribers and competitors, a selection of the best games, with notes, some problems by the best composers, and a general and financial statement. I venture to think that every amateur ought to be more or less interested in such a report. If our society is doing good service in the cause of chess, and I hope and believe it is, it certainly will do much more good service with increased means. Besides, no chessplayer should object to have public spirit cultivated, and to pay a little for the cultivation.

But it is not on public ground alone that I make the appeal. To be supplied with a small volume of games played by such men as Bird (perhaps), Burn, Macdonnell, Owen, Ranken, Thorold, Wayte, &c., should be almost in itself the *quid pro quo* for the 5s. subscribed. [The players mentioned, with a few additions, would form a sufficiently strong team to play any nation in the world. Why should we not challenge France or Germany, when distance would be comparatively no difficulty?] I shall be grateful, then, for the help I ask to enable our society to extend its usefulness.

The society's laws are being revised. One new feature is the triennial election of its officers, and the first election will take place in 1885. The laws will be printed and will be ready in about a fortnight. Anyone desiring a copy should inclose two penny stamps (to meet expenses of printing) and a stamped and directed envelope.

Post Office Orders for the society should be made payable to me as early as convenient at the Tetford Office. Apologising for trespassing on your space, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A. B. Skipworth,

Tetford Rectory, Horncastle, May 23, 1884. Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 19, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1883), of Dame Jane Barbara Bourchier, late of Hampton Court Palace, who died on April 3 last at Heckfield, Winchfield, Hants, was proved on the 3rd ult. by General Sir William John Codrington, G.C.B., the brother, and Alfred Edward Codrington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testatrix leaves many legacies, both specific and pecuniary, including £10,000 to members of her late husband's family, and the portrait of her late father, Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., by Briggs, to the National Portrait Gallery; and the residue of her property to her said brother.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Aug. 23, 1882) of Mr. David Fulton, an engraver to calico printers, of Craiglee House, Dennistoun, Glasgow, who died on Dec. 15 last, granted to Mrs. Margaret Hay Forrester, or Fulton, the widow, and five others, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 1st ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £59,000.

The will (dated March 31, 1881) of Mrs. Kitty Anne St. John Mildmay, formerly of No. 9, Sussex-place, Hyde Park, but late of The Beryll, near Wells, Somersetshire, who died on April 6 last, has been proved by Charles George Barnett and William Henry Penrose, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her great-niece, Adelaide Harriet Sola; £1000, upon trust, for permanently increasing the income of the Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Crockham Hill, Edenbridge, Kent; and legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to her cousin, Mrs. Augusta Warde.

The will (dated May 29, 1880), with two codicils (dated May 29, 1880, and Nov. 28, 1883), of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Southwell Keppell, late of Quidenham, Norfolk, who died on Dec. 1 last, has been proved by Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart., and the Rev. Henry Robert Arthur Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator makes bequests to his wife, relatives, executors, servants, both indoor and outdoor, and others; and the residue of the personalty he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, Lady Maria Anne Keppell, for life, and then for his nephew, Colonel Eustace Hill, and his three daughters, May, Grace Ann, and Gertrude. The deceased was a son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle, and Hon. Canon of Norwich, and formerly held the appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1879) of Mr. Ralph Carr-Ellison, J.P., late of Dunstan Hill, Durham, who died on Feb. 4 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Charles Bertie Pulleine Bosanquet, Arthur Douglas Carr, the nephew, and the Rev. Cuthbert John Carr, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator gives his New Zealand property to all his children in equal shares: there are considerable legacies to children in addition, and also to brothers, sister, and others, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, John Ralph Carr-Ellison.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1880) of Mr. George Grane, late of No. 3, Argyle Place, Cheltenham, who died on March 14 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Miss Elizabeth Jane Grane, the niece, and the Rev. William Leighton Grane, the great-nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £29,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, the Rev. W. L. Grane; and makes a handsome provision for his old servant. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one-fifth each to his nieces, Mrs. Allies and Miss. Elizabeth Jane Grane, and his nephew, William James Grane; and the remaining two-fifths between certain of his great-nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 28, 1884), of Mr. Charles Reade, D.C.L., late of No. 3, Blomfield Villas, Uxbridge-road, who died on April 11 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Charles Liston, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator leaves £300 per annum, charged on his freehold houses in Brompton-road, to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jane Reade, for life, then to his brother, Compton Reade, for life, and then to his nephew, the Rev. Compton Reade, and to his nieces, Cecilia Jane Reade and Emilia Reade, in equal shares, for their respective lives; and there are many other legacies to his relatives and others, including the gift of his fixtures at his rooms in Magdalen College to that society. The residue of his property he gives to his godson, Charles Liston; he requests him to take the name of Reade, and to live in England, and all the persons who profit by his will to treat Mr. Liston as his son. The testator directs his executors not to sell any part of his personal estate by public auction, as "I consider it, though common, a brutal and heartless practice"; and he directs Mr. Liston to offer for inspection at his own house for a period of two years from his death all his note-books and scrap-books and also the collection of notes of the late Mrs. Laura Seymour to professional writers, especially of dramatic or narrative fiction, and public notice of this is to be given by advertisement.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1882) of Mr. Henry James Byron, the dramatic author, late of No. 6, Queen's-road, Clapham, and of No. 5, Bedford-square, who died on April 11 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Edmund William Garden and Alfred Henry Pearpoint, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £4000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Mary Byron, for life or widowhood, and on her death or second marriage, for all his children.

Under the will of the late William Nixon, Esq., of East Burnham Park, near Slough, the under-mentioned amounts accrue to the following Charities, consequent on the decease of his widow on the 23rd inst.:—£2000 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Colonial Church and School Society, the Hospital for Consumption, the Royal Free Hospital (Grays Inn-road), the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge among the Jews, the Clergy Orphan Society, the Asylum for Idiots, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Ragged School; £500 each to the Samaritan Fund of the Royal Free Hospital (Grays Inn-road), the Samaritan Fund of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Church of England Scripture-Readers' Society.

The International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace is now so far completed, both in the industrial and fine art sections, that the jury in the latter division have completed their labours. The awards are 190 in number, and include for the United Kingdom diplomas of honour to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., to Mr. S. Cusins, R.A., and to the Royal School of Art Needlework. The greater number of gold, silver, and bronze medals have fallen to the United Kingdom, France, and Germany; but the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, and Scandinavia have obtained a fair proportion.

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SAIL IN THE ATLANTIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FOURTH NOTICE.

A. Moore's "Reading Aloud" (416) is the first large picture the artist has exhibited, so far as we know, but though possessing a certain distinction, and a beauty and charm that have no exact parallel in the exhibition, we regret to find it disappointing after the exquisite preparatory studies that we have reviewed elsewhere. No new idea is to be expected from Mr. Moore, but so thoroughly artistic was his first conception of an ideal Anglo-Greek maiden that we are content with its long-continued repetition. Clearly, however, his art does not bear well amplification to these dimensions. Owing to the almost complete elimination of effect or light and shade, and the consequent presentment of all objects on nearly the same flat plane, they here lose, with colour so negative, much even of decorative value; what colour there is becomes monotonous, and *fade*, wanting a foil; the breadths become empty, and the patterns of the drapery but distract the attention. With all deductions, however, work thus chaste, pure, and entirely free from vulgarity, is so rare in our school that it is not a little honourable to the artist. At the very antipodes to this—except that, although ultra-realistic, it is too true to nature to be vulgar in the more objectionable sense—is G. Clausen's "Labourers After Dinner" (1630). Mr. Clausen has so closely imitated Bastien Lepage, that he is here, at length, fully equal to him in veracity if not in ugliness. But whether this servile following of a foreign artist is commendable, whether such direct transcription from unselected nature is a right or final aim in art, are questions we should answer directly in the negative. A. Hacker has made a great advance in a picture of an Arab offering arms, &c., "For Sale" (485). The painting throughout is excellent. J. R. Reid obtains great effectiveness—not, however, without coarseness and paintiness—in "An Ugly Customer" (669), an old fisherman showing a lobster to children. J. C. Dollman comes to the fore with a humorous picture of a highwayman overtaking a poor old itinerant fiddler and finding him "Not Worth Powder and Shot" (671). C. C. Seton, also, has an amusing picture (661) of a Puritan citing chapter and verse in the hope of converting a cavalier who, much bored, sits stretched before sundry carnal excitants. Much credit is due to A. Dixon for his courage in presenting with appropriate power and pathos incidents of a colliery explosion in the companion pictures "To the Rescue" (567), colliers descending the shaft, and "Rescued" (544), the subsequent scene at the mouth of the pit. F. W. W. Topham's "Sonata" (688), a boy of Spezzia playing a tin whistle under the lee of a beached boat to congenial listeners; and "La Festa dei Morti" (840), a string of Italian folk carrying flowers to place on the graves of a neighbouring cemetery, should sustain the artist's reputation as much as his more ambitious picture of last year. J. L. Pott's picture (690) of a disinherited son descending stairs from the presence of the irate father is effective and clever in its rather loud style, but the expressions and *mise en scène* are forced and theatrical. A great deal of good and promising painting loses much of its value in another picture equally theatrical, though in a different way—"Too Late!" (827), by H. Schmalz—the victorious chief returned to find his betrothed on her bier under an arcade open to the twilight sky. Despite the elaborate care bestowed on the work, it fails to convey a sense of reality. Much the same remarks apply to E. Blair Leighton's "Conquest" (1552), a knight returning to his stronghold with booty, followed by a dejected maiden and other prisoners wounded.

Percy Macquoid has made a notable technical advance in a large illustration of Keats's, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." C. Calthrop recovers ground lost in recent years in the rich tones of "After Mass at S. Giorgio" (551). Marked progress is also signalised in R. J. Gordon's scene from "The School for Scandal" (1538), and a half-length of Mrs. John Rose (716), the colouring in both of which is very glowing. Very droll is J. Watson Nichol's "Prestonpans" (16)—a Highlander cutting off the, to him, superfluous tails of a red coat. "The Union Jack" (128), a sailor folding his boat's flag round his sweetheart, by W. C. Symonds, is remarkably spirited. H. T. Schafer's "Il dolce far niente" (419), and another work of decorative character evince a taste and refinement from which much may be expected. Every visitor will be delighted with the charming feeling and equally charming painting in "Saying Grace" (1642), by Mrs. Alma Tadema. Nor should G. Hardy's touching little picture, called "A Gift at Parting" (596), be overlooked—a young wife about to give a lock of their baby's hair to her sailor husband when leaving to join his ship. Mrs. Morgan, to whose works are still attached her maiden name, Alice Havers, under which she first won reputation, displays her considerable technical accomplishment in "An Autumn Load" (144). The "May" (636), children in spring landscape, by her husband, F. Morgan, is as bright in treatment as it is pleasant in subject. The "Besieged" (147), by this artist, we recently engraved.

Other painters who have already made their mark are fairly represented; to wit, Carl Schloesser—"The Bookworm" (612); Haynes Williams—"Called to the Court;" D. W. Wynfield—"The Last 'On dit'" (570); W. E. Lockhart—another effective illustration of "Gil Blas" (528); A. W. Bayes—"Caught Tripping" (300); Haynes King—"Don't be inquisitive" (1588); Miss Jessica Hayllar—"The Last to Leave" (611); R. Hillingford—"In Presence" (475); A. Stuart Wortley—"The Poacher's Daughter" (841); together with T. Graham, S. E. Waller, T. G. Cotman, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, A. Stocks, W. D. Sadler, T. B. Kennington, Joseph Clark, F. W. Lawson, and J. Morgan. The following works are generally important in scale, and of decided merit and promise, though the names of the artists (in more than one instance American, we believe) are not yet familiar. "The Last Voyage of the Viking" (287), by R. Gibb; a harem scene entitled "A Palace yet a Prison" (265); by E. Normand; "Expectation" (1524), by G. W. Swinstead; "Interior of a Country Druggist's," by A. C. Taylor; "Ruth" (900), by S. J. Solomon; "Launcelot and Elaine" (854), by Henrietta R. Rae; and "A Gap in the Ranks" (1641), by Ellen Conolly. "Deepening Shadows" (784), by Margaret L. Dickseé—a father by the bedside of his dying son, deserves a special word of commendation of its true pathos.

Turning to the land-capes not hitherto noticed, it is gratifying to see Lionel Smythe represented in a work of the importance of his large harvest scene with reapers—the literal as well as metaphorical "Field of the Cloth of Gold" (614)—an enlarged version in oil of a water-colour drawing exhibited last year, which we much admired. With this more serious effort, the artist at length takes a position he might, we think, have long since occupied. His relative, W. L. Wyllie, has nothing so striking as the Thames picture bought by the Academy from the Chantrey Bequest last year; nevertheless, his vigour and truth are well *en évidence* in "Heave Away: Barges upward bound shooting Rochester Bridge" (1539) and a snow scene in a dock entitled, "The Close of a Winter's Day" (1589). This same title appears—but we suspect a mistake in the catalogue—in connection with a river scene (785) by the brother, C. W. Wyllie, which, if it lacks anything in power, more than compensates for the deficiency by its tender and subtle play of artistic colour. J. Farquharson, whose snow picture with sheep was purchased from the Chantrey Fund last year, has a hop-picking scene (647); but in turning from monochrome, or nearly so, to the hues of autumn, the artist is scarcely recognisable as the same. "The English Vintage," as it is called, would be sadly depressing if it were like this. One of this year's purchases from the same fund is D. Murray's picturesque extensive landscape, with a girl watching boats on a distant bay or estuary, entitled "My love has gone a-sailing" (928). The artist's handling has the looseness of the Scotch school, but the colouring has an artistic quality, and shows a searching after the complexity of nature (though needlessly tortured in parts) that is very far from common in that school. The acquisition of this picture by the Academy, regarded as an encouragement of an artist of promise, is much more satisfactory than the purchase of Mr. Pettie's "Vigil," which is not adequately representative of the painter, and still less of the art of the time.

Generally, however, there is little in landscape of high merit or novel interest this year. Whatever the glories of our school in landscape in the past, we are hardly reminded of them in this present gathering. And much of what there is further to repay a resolute search has been placed by the Hanging Committee where it cannot be fairly seen. We do not always share in the literary admiration which the more suggestive and poetical of A. Goodwin's subjects are calculated to excite. Yet surely a better place should have been found for his "Unveiling of the Enchanted Palace" (900), certainly the best of his series of illustrations of the "Arabian Nights," and almost the sole instance of any attempt at imaginative landscape in the entire exhibition. It takes much observation and knowledge of nature, a retentive memory, and at least a very lively fancy, if not the higher faculty of imagination, to invent and compile a work such as this. Fairly competent craftsmanship is more common. There is, for instance, C. E. Johnson's large view on "the line," of the junction of "The Wye and the Severn" (811), sound, able, prose enough, yet, by this mode of rendering the lovely scene, we are left perfectly unmoved. James Linnell's "Clearing upover Snowdon" (1655) is unusually impressive, notwithstanding that the mannerisms of the father are reproduced with filial devotion. A. F. Grace shows genuine feeling for the grandiose sweep of the southern downs in No. 1547; and E. Parton's "Vale of Light" exemplifies, in ample dimensions, the painter at about his best. There are also respectable examples of J. Aumonier, F. Walton, J. Smart, Leslie Thompson, and J. Campbell Noble, but there is nothing new to say of them. Clara Montalba suffuses her favourite "Middleburg" (505) with a golden glory of sunset that is novel and striking. Keeley Halswelle has taken a new departure (not too soon) in a view on the Greta (417), under "A gleam of the setting sun." The foreground is skilfully and effectively painted, but at the height at which the picture is placed the effect looks cold, and the poetry of the scene seems to be missed. We can only say of A. Parsons' "After Work" (404), that the artist appears to have given way needlessly to his tendency to blackness even for an effect of November evening. Any work, however, by this rising artist would probably repay a closer examination than is here possible. Adrian Stokes and W. H. Gore are other promising landscapists, the former probably owing something to foreign training—see No. 188.

The marine pieces by outsiders are likewise hung with little discrimination. A work by Mesdag is "skied." E. Hayes (1625) fares little better; W. J. Shaw's picture of a vessel breaking up on "A Sunken Reef" (760) is above a range of figure pictures, though apparently superior to his two seapieces which, placed on the line, created a sensation a few years back. While fully as close and accurate in the observation of waves, their action, and the incidents of their breaking into spindrift and falling into network of foam, there seems to be in the present work a deeper feeling, together with greater solidity and unity. Much the same veracious qualities will likewise be found in "A Winter Sea" (752), by J. F. Faed. Moreover, it finely expresses the harmonious relationship that would be seen in nature between the sad lowering sky and the darkened, drear, and desolate sea. With the mastery displayed by H. Moore in his rendering of the sea, the public has been long familiar. But he has put fresh energy into his admirable "Off the Lizard" (1626), with boats starting cast for the fishing. The sea is not too blue, and its surface is wetter than Mr. Moore sometimes succeeds in making it. E. Ellis trowels on the paint with as much gusto as ever, and his exuberant energies still need to be more controlled by observation and attention to details, yet he has made a marked advance as regards general harmony and truth in "Baiting Crab-pots: Flamborough Head" (1590); the life of the work and the potentialities of the painter are not to be gainsaid. We regret to see a painter who could so well trust to his own powers as E. A. Waterlow represented by a picture (1565) which looks like neither more nor less than a copy after Mr. Hook. Basil Bradley puts in an appearance as an oil painter with a landscape in combination with animals (582), and there are animal pieces by J. Charlton (who steadily advances); W. Hunt, whose "Foundlings" (429), a scene in the Dogs' Home, is well painted; J. S. Noble, and S. Carter. "The Conversion of St. Hubert" (591), by the last-named artist, is the most considerable effort in its class. Whether Mr. Carter's admirers will care for a representation on this large scale of the legend of the wicked Hubert, to whom, because he would go hunting in Holy Week, a milk-white stag appeared miraculously with a luminous cross on its head, so much as they would care for his well-known sporting and hunt testimonial pictures, we will not pretend to say; but there can be no doubt that this is a manly and effective piece of work, deserving of a better place.

T. J. G.

HOISTING SAIL IN THE ATLANTIC.

The passengers from Liverpool to New York may be interested, as the lady in our Artist's drawing seems to be, in watching the practices of seamanship. Hoisting sail on board a first-class steam-vessel, to take advantage of a favourable breeze, is an occurrence that somewhat enlivens the ordinary routine of hours and days. To see the men hauling at the ropes on deck, and the enormous spread of canvas, after a brief fluttering, expanded from the yard far above, becoming presently taut and stiff when filled by the wind, is always pleasant to the spectator in fine weather, provided he or she does not suffer from seasickness, or feel any degree of alarm when there is a sudden lurch to leeward in consequence of this manœuvre. The ship's side may thereby even be so depressed for a moment as to admit of a slight wash from the waves coming over the deck, which has, we perceive, in the scene here delineated, almost reached the retreating feet of another lady, who is being assisted by her fellow-passengers to get to a safer place. But there is no real cause for alarm; and the imperturbable serenity of the experienced ocean traveller, firmly seated above the level of the inflowing water, is quite a lesson in deportment, as good as the figure of Britannia, with her shield and trident, engraved on the British penny.

Mr. Henry Irving presided at the thirty-ninth public dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund at the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday week. Subscriptions amounting in all to £900 were announced.

The expediency of opening a number of free schools in the poorer districts of the metropolis was discussed on Thursday week by the London School Board; but eventually the previous question was voted by 26 to 12.

The Highgate-hill Cable Tramway was formally opened on Thursday week by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a great gathering of people, whom the novelty of the occasion had drawn together. The cars made a successful passage over the line, and were run free for the rest of the day.

Owing to the exertions of the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association, who have provided seats and an extra caretaker, the extensive churchyard surrounding St. Dunstan's, Stepney, about five or six acres in extent, has been thrown open to the public for their use and enjoyment.

At the annual court of Governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, held on Thursday week, it was announced that there had been 1537 in-patients admitted during last year, and 13,349 new out-patient cases had received advice and medicine. There are now 331 beds in the two buildings, and £24,000 a year more is needed to keep them occupied.

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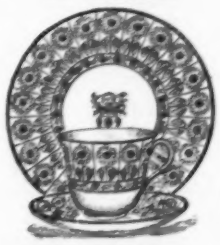

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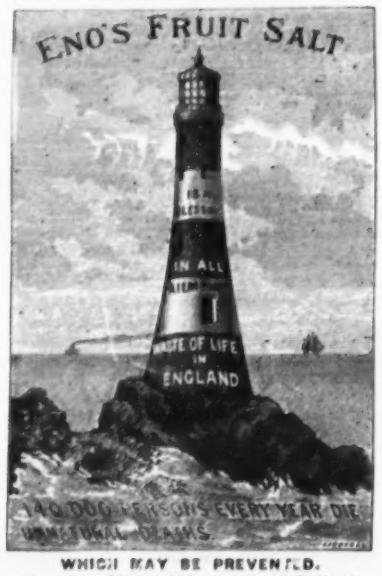

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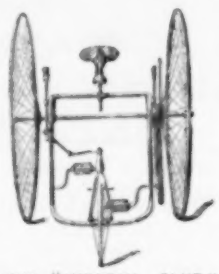

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